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MEMORIALS OF
JOHN FLINT SOUTH

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MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN FLINT SOUTH

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THE REV. CHARLES LETT [illegible], M.A.

[illegible]

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1884.

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MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN FLINT SOUTH.

TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, AND SURGEON TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL (1841-63).

COLLECTED BY

THE REV. CHARLES LETT FELTOE, M.A.

FELLOW OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LONDON:

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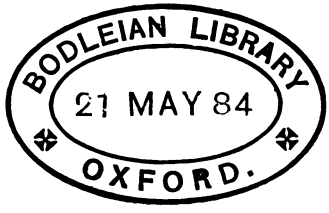

PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called upon to undertake this task, the proposal was to write a regular life-history; but after a little inquiry into the details I soon found that, though my uncle's whole career was that of a man possessed of no small powers, who had attained a high rank in his profession and was greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends for his personal piety and straightforwardness, his wide and active sympathies, and his usefulness in the world, yet it was not distinguished nor romantic enough for any but a professed bookmaker to put into a readable shape. And so, when there was found among his numerous papers a portion of an autobiography that dealt in his own lively and forceful way with the events of his early life, I immediately felt that this was just what was wanted to illustrate his peculiar type of

character, and accordingly this fragment forms the major part of the volume.

The wish to let Mr. South speak for himself as much as possible will be my apology for the short and perhaps rather meagre sketch which I have given in Part II. of the remainder of his long and useful life.

In Part III. I have added a few extracts from my uncle's letters to his parents and friends, together with a notice of his master, the younger Mr. Cline, and a description of the new anatomical buildings at St. Thomas's that were built in 1814. As these have now been pulled down, the latter article will have its value both for those who actually remember them and for those who take an interest in the hospital's vicissitudes. As for the letters, I had hoped to make the collection much larger and more various, but most of my appeals to Mr. South's friends have in this particular been unsuccessful. I must however express my sense of obligation to the one friend who has put so many of her letters at my disposal.

In other cases what was elicited by my applications was a series of valuable testimonies from

all sides, confirming and throwing fresh light upon my already formed opinion of Mr. South's inherent worth and power; for such my best thanks are due.

A great deal of information and help has been given to me at various times by Mr. T. M. Stone and the other officers of the Royal College of Surgeons, for which I am greatly obliged.

There are two anecdotes connected with the subject of these Memorials of which I should like to speak. The first is one said to refer to Mr. South's father. In Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt' (vol. iv. ch. xliii. 2nd ed.) the following extract occurs: "The most authentic and the most important narrative of Mr. Pitt's last days is to be found in some notes drawn up at the time by my uncle, the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope . . . (he says) 'At one (Jan. 23, 1806) one Mr. South arrived from town in a chaise, bringing a vial of hartshorn oil, a spoonful of which he insisted on Mr. Pitt's taking, as he had known it recover people in the last agonies. Remonstrances as to its certain inefficacy were useless; and on Sir William [Farquhar] saying that it could be of no detriment, we poured a couple of spoonfuls down Mr. Pitt's throat. It produced no effect but a little

convulsive cough. In about an hour Mr. South returned to town.'" At the time of my uncle's death there appeared a statement in the daily papers that this Mr. South was the father whose practice as a druggist in the Borough is depicted in the first pages of the autobiography. Mr. South himself there speaks of his father as being a sound Tory (p. 2), so that there is no *à priori* improbability in the identification; and Mr. Stone assures me that my uncle expressly vouched for its truth to him more than once, though it has since been gainsaid by others. For the second identification I am indebted to Sir James Paget: he tells me that, in the story given in Bransby Cooper's 'Life of Sir Astley Cooper' (vol. 1, pp. 363–7) about Murphy the resurrectionist's stratagem for extracting his preliminary fee of £20 from Mr. ——, then lecturer (afterwards surgeon) at a large London hospital, by intimidating Mr. S——, one of the demonstrators, to whom he pretended to give ocular proof of the watchmen's violence, the Mr. S—— alluded to was Mr. J. F. South.

For the foot-notes throughout the book I am almost entirely responsible; but in revising the whole of the proof sheets, especially in the more

technical parts, I have had the advice and correction of G. N. Pitt, Esq., M.D., Fellow of Clare College, so that there is every hope that inaccuracies are scarce, if not altogether wanting.

In conclusion, I will only add that, in collecting and editing this little book, it has been my desire to avoid those painful quotations of self-analysis or strictly private comment which disfigure and give a sickly, mawkish hue to so many biographical works of the present day. I have sought only to insert what shall really illustrate the life and character on its bright and happy sides, and be perhaps instructive to the reader. The study of a quiet, useful, holy life will often yield as much for thought and imitation as one that was spent in stirring times among leading men.

CHARLES LETT FELTOE.

St. David's College, Lampeter,
Christmastide, 1883.

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MEMORIALS OF J. F. SOUTH.

PART I.

AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY, EXTENDING TO FEBRUARY 10, 1823.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD: 1797–1813.

I WAS the son of a druggist in the Borough, who lived forty years in the same house, in which he had made an excellent business, chiefly through the successful treatment of infantile disorders with very simple remedies; for, although he had not ever attended a lecture of any kind, yet, seeing an immense number of sick children, and being a very intelligent and observant man, he had really attained very extensive empirical knowledge, which he used with much ability and judgment. The result of this was that his shop was filled from nine till twelve by people of all classes, with their sick children, waiting till they could be furnished

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with—now a twopenny powder of compound senna, and generally a grain of calomel to clear the alimentary canal; now an eightpenny ounce-and-half mixture of chalk with dillwater; and sometimes a little syrup of poppies, or a cough mixture of the same price, containing a little ipecacuanha wine and syrup of red poppies. The success of this simple treatment was very great, and brought him great celebrity; and he was often urged to become an apothecary and make outdoor visits, but he had too much good sense to be so persuaded, and continued his home practice throughout life.

He was a dear affectionate father, whose lifelong endeavour was to provide for his children and bring them up in Church and King principles, and, regardless of expense, to give them all an excellent education, which he considered the best he could do for them. "Fortunes I cannot give you," he would say; "but I put the tools in your hands, and you must use them for yourselves." We were kept very closely at home, and allowed to make scarcely any acquaintances, so that we were often considered very proud and holding ourselves above our neighbours. This might have been so, but at any rate we had by it the advantage of not throwing off old

connections when our station in life was much changed.

My father was most highly respected and beloved by people of all classes who knew him; and in going through life it has often given me the greatest delight to hear those who had known him at all ages speak of him in the warmest and most respectful terms.

He put me to school in October 1805,* with a clergyman † at Hampton, where I remained till June 1813. There were about a dozen boys when I first went, a little shy fellow who had never left his mother's apron-string for an hour, and had only been advanced to the dignity of a French grey skeleton suit at the preceding Easter. I well recollect being taken down one morning early in

* He was then eight years old, having been born June 5, 1797.

† This was one Dr. Hemming, a former fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, concerning whom we have several very free and amusing remarks from J. F. S. in a diary of the year 1813. For instance, the following extract from a letter to his old schoolfellow Jeremy: "The doctor goes every Sunday to do duty at Shepperton, *vice* Mr. Hubbard, who has got the gout, and gets a guinea for reading prayers and preaching in the morning. I think it quite enough." And, again, he tells his father in another letter: "For you know as well as I that the doctor is prodigiously litigious."

that October by my father on the Hampton coach, which started from the New Inn in the Old Bailey at eight o'clock, and deposited us right opposite the school gate. After spending the day with me and walking about the village my father left for town by the four-o'clock coach, and I found myself a lonely little fellow among my strange companions, who were romping about, little caring for me and my troubles; and I well recollect sitting down in the play ground upon my play-box and crying bitterly, till at last I was kindly fetched into the house to the doctor's tea-table, where I cheered up, and amused them by pulling out some work and stitching up a bag. I was tolerably forward in my learning, was able to read well anything I could get hold of, being always most thirsty for books; but my chief favourites were 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the 'History of Dick, the Little Pony." The 'Death of Abel' and History of England, and two octavo volumes of Natural History also afforded me great delight. I had during the preceding part of the year learnt in Latin the declensions of nouns and adjectives and *propria quæ maribus*, all of which I had at my finger-ends.

As my dear mother was extremely anxious I

should be protected from the rough usage she anticipated I might receive from my schoolfellows, an especial arrangement had been made that I should sleep alone in a little room close to the nursery; and as the nurse was usually employed soothing a baby with—"My Charley, my Charley, my pretty little Charley," we were both sung to sleep by the same song.

We all met in the schoolroom soon after seven; about eight the doctor made his appearance, and part of the morning service was read, the psalms of the day—those for the morning one month and those for the evening another month, alternately throughout the year, the doctor reading one verse and each boy consecutively reading another. We also read the New Testament lessons for the day, each boy reading so many verses. This practice was continued throughout the whole period of my tutelage, for which I can never be too thankful; for though, more commonly than not, the reading was thought a task, and we were often too glad to get over it, yet had it the necessary effect of indenting into our memories those glorious portions of Scripture, which have never subsequently been erased.

Child as I then was, I well remember, towards the end of this October, the arrival of the news of the glorious victory of Trafalgar. We were all sitting over the fire in the schoolroom, on a pouring wet evening, when some one rushed in and announced the great tidings ; instantly we were all on foot, the school door set open to listen for what we were sure we should soon hear—the pattereros of " Gentleman Jones," as the High Bailiff of Westminster, who lived in the village, was called, and the church bells re-echoing their joyful noise. We did not wait long, and I doubt not " Rule Britannia " and " God save great George, our King," were sung with heart and voice.

Whilst at home for my first Christmas holidays I saw part of the funeral solemnities which a grateful and mourning people accorded to the great naval hero Nelson, who had achieved this glorious victory. As is well known, he was laid in state in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. A large party of us went down to an old friend's house—Johnny Ball, I think he was called—who held some appointment in Greenwich Hospital, and kindly introduced us. The crowd was enormous, and the press to get in at the iron gates, which were kept by the old pensioners with their big cocked hats and pigtails,

and their tall partizans, was very great. When within, there was a slight lull, but going up the Hall steps was a fierce job—men squeezing and hallooing and women screaming—till, after great effort, the people slipped through the great doors into a darkly-lighted lobby, and then into the Hall itself. I can only recollect that the whole apartment was hung with black, and dimly lighted up. The coffin and mourners were situated on a dais at the west end of the Hall, which was divided by a strong barrier from end to end into two wide alleys, up one of which the public passed to the dais turned round between it and the end of the barrier, down to the other side of the Hall, and then departed. It was the first great sight I had seen, and was long impressed on my memory as a very awful one. A few days after, in January 1806, I saw from a house on Bankside the water procession that brought Nelson's remains to the Admiralty, which was a very interesting and imposing sight.

On the following day Nelson was publicly buried at St. Paul's. The streets were lined with volunteers from Whitehall to the church, and those who went from our house to places in the line of procession, like others, set off soon after seven o'clock.

I did not go, as my mother thought me too young; but on her return she said she was very sorry that she had not taken me, as she saw many younger children than I.

This Christmas holidays had also another remarkable incident in my child life. I went to the play for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, and saw 'Richard the Third,' Dickon being played by the celebrated F. G. Cooke and Henry VI. by Murray; I recollect I was deeply absorbed in the whole business from the beginning to the end of the play—the murder of Henry, the little princes, the courtship of Lady Anne, and Bosworth Field and the tent scene I have very vivid remembrance of.

The famous pantomime 'Harlequin and Mother Goose,' which is considered by old playgoers never to have been exceeded, although it had not the scenic splendour of later years, was the after-piece, the unrivalled clown Joey Grimaldi, and little Simmonds as Mother Goose, and Bologna as harlequin, delighted young and old, prince and cobbler alike, and my delight was unbounded; but it had nearly come to an ugly conclusion, for among the gallery people—the gods, as they were called, who were generally at Christmas very uproarious and

largely drunken—was one more specially drunk, who, having emptied the green wine-bottle with the contents of which he had been sustaining himself, freed himself from the trouble of guarding its emptiness longer by shying it into the pit, where it lighted upon the head of a man who sat next row but one behind us, and close to my father. This of course excited a tremendous row, and cries of "Constable, constable!" resounded through the house, which could not be allayed till the manager came forward and announced that the offender had been taken to Bow Street, and that the gentleman whose head had been cut open was taken care of.

My first journeying to any distance from home was during the Midsummer holidays in 1807. My eldest brother, after a severe attack of acute rheumatism, had been sent down to Ryde, accompanied by my eldest sister, for the improvement of his health, and they kindly wished to have me stay with them awhile. I was taken down post with two kind friends who were on their way out to Monte Video; we only went as far as Liphook the first day, where we stopped at the "Anchor" —which was a very nice inn, with a very pretty garden—dined and slept there. On the following

day we went on to Portsmouth, and on our way over Portsdown saw several gibbets on which were the remains of some highwaymen. Driving through the lines, over the ditches and through the arched entrances into the town, astonished me very considerably; and when we got into the High Street we found the place crowded with soldiers, sailors, civilians, and rubbish of all sorts. The shambles then ran along the middle of the street, nearly to the King's Slaughterhouse, and on either side was a narrow carriage-road and footway, which were literally jammed up, so that progress was very slow. We put up at the "Fountain" tavern, which was then doing immense business, and was crammed full, and as dirty as seaport taverns and hotels usually were.

Next morning we went across to Ryde in the packet-boat, but, as the tide was out, the packet was obliged as usual to lie-to about half-a-mile from the shore, and we were then disembarked into a dirty row-boat; and, after having been pulled about a hundred or two of yards, were discharged into common carts, in which we were driven the rest of the way over the wet, dirty, flat beach, till we reached Ryde. There was, to be sure, a

short wooden pier, but it was in such a ruinous state that it was but little used.

We soon found our way up the long hill leading to the Newport road, and near the turnpike came to my brother's lodgings, at a blacksmith's named Weigh, where he had a delightful sitting-room overlooking Spithead, which was then full of ships, as there were lying there the Mediterranean fleet; the fleet from Sweden, which had brought home Lord Pembroke from Stockholm; and a very large West India fleet under convoy, but unable to get out on account of contrary wind; and the numbers were so great that it is scarcely untrue to say that a penny piece might have been thrown from one ship to another, from Ryde to the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

The landlord and his wife were exceedingly nice people and specially kind to me—Mrs. Weigh made capital pastry, and was always making a "laardy cake," as she called it, for me, which of course won my heart.

My brother was very fond of gull-shooting, and it rarely happened that an afternoon passed without our spending some hours in a sailing boat, which was manned by a good-tempered old sailor

and smuggler named Laveris, and a jolly young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Jerry. I was a great coward, and if there were the least freshness in the wind I was in terror till I got to land again. Old Laveris used to tease me bitterly, and threatened me continually—"Ah, Master John, I shall have you yet, and make a sailor of you."

We frequently ran over to Portsmouth; and whilst strolling about the town on one occasion we met an old friend—Charles Montague, a surgeon in the Guards, who had just returned with Lord Pembroke, whose medical attendant he was. With him, in uniform, we went one morning to see the dockyard and Brunel's celebrated block machinery, which surprised me very considerably.

The wind, which had so long been adverse, at last one Saturday night veered about; and when we got up to breakfast next morning the ships were moving so quickly off that when we returned from the dissenting chapel there was little else to be seen but the guardship, the *Ville de Paris*.

This chapel-going recalls another interesting circumstance. There was not any church at Ryde, which formed part of the parish of Newchurch, five miles off, but there was a little chapel of ease at

the top of the hill, where afternoon service only was performed every Sunday, and of which my principal remembrance is that there was a gallery at the west end in which the young rustics were congregated, and, as was not unfrequent then, their behaviour was more playful than attentive during the service. This often disturbed the rest of the congregation, who at least seemed more decorous, implanted in their tall pews, and were often roused in their prayers or their sleep by "thwack, thwack!" from the peeled willow wand of a beadle or sexton, who was walking about to keep order, upon the heads of the misbehaving brats. Well, as my family had been always accustomed to go to church twice on Sunday, and were glad to do so, we were rather put out at having no morning church to go to, and therefore gladly availed ourselves of the morning service at a little dissenting chapel, the establishing of which I think was principally dependent on a merchant named Fitzpatrick, who lived in the village. It was not very well supported, and, if I recollect right, had not a regular minister, but rather trusted to "a supply," as the dissenters at that time used to call the preacher who filled up any chance gap arising from

the illness of their regular appointed minister, or when the chapel had not an appointed minister. The little chapel at Ryde was in this latter condition, and Mr. Fitzpatrick's diligence was often hardly taxed to obtain a preacher and have the chapel open for morning service—an afternoon service was not thought of, and dissenters went as regularly to the chapel-of-ease in the afternoon as serious church people went to the meeting-house in the morning, rather than sit at home without participating in public worship.

It was therefore always felt as a great comfort when some dissenting minister spent his holiday at this quiet little place, and it so happened that for some weeks, and during our stay, the Rev. John Humphreys was sojourning here with his family on account of his daughter's illness. He was well acquainted with our family, was a great favourite of my father's, as he was a Pittite and thorough Tory, and in all a churchman excepting ecclesiastical polity; but he was truly catholic in his Christian conduct, and did believe that there were some good and conscientious churchmen, and that both churchmen and dissenters might be found hereafter together in heaven. My mother also

had great regard for him as being a dissenting minister, and beloved by every one who knew him for his kind, gentle, and lively behaviour, especially towards young people, who always delighted to be in his society; and he and his sons often joined our little boating-party. He had at one period of life kept a small school, and was a very excellent classical scholar. I think he had been brought up in Lady Huntingdon's Connection. He was not a very lively preacher, but rather of the other sort, though a very earnest and excellent person. For Ryde chapel he was rather a catch, as he stayed so many weeks in the place, and was always ready to give such assistance as he was able.

On one Sunday we heard at this meeting-house one who afterwards became a very well known and celebrated man, Mr. Campbell, the African traveller. He was going out as a missionary, but, being delayed by the wind, he was brought to Ryde as "a supply," and a very curious and remark able sermon he gave us. I just recollect him as a tall, raw Scotchman of uncouth manners and language, but very energetic; and his sermon was long remembered by those who heard it, for, with much that was good, he was so odd in his expres-

sions that it was impossible to avoid smiling, serious as his discourse was intended to be. I suppose he had been recently staying at Portsmouth, as in one of his illustrations he said that "the people of God were in the world illuminating it like the lights in Portsmouth and Gosport." Truly they must have been very dark lights, for the night lamps were at that time lit with oil-wicks, just sufficient to show the smallest possible black-red flame, and giving out scarcely any light. And a little further on he burst out that "the children of God needed to be stirred up with a red-hot poker." This was a more fitting observation than the former, for at that time churchgoing people and church clergy were much alike, with very few exceptions, all being sleepy till roused up by the Bell and Lancaster education dispute;* and the establishment of the Bible Society, which effectually stirred up churchmen and dissenters, excited much angry disputation, and, among honest and well-intentioned men of both parties, led to earnest seeking after personal

* The allusion is to the rival systems of Joseph Lancaster the Quaker, and Dr. Bell the churchman, for providing education for the poor: the former, who was first in the field, was the originator in 1805 of what are now called British schools; the latter in 1811 of National schools.

religion; the result of which has been in general more Christian charity, and the conviction that the same great Master's work might be truly done by those who wore a surplice as by those who preferred a Geneva gown or by those who abhorred either.

In this year the Spanish Patriot War began, and people of all classes and ages were warmly interested in it, and this country soon joined in the fray, with for a time very indifferent success. The battle of Corunna, in January 1808, and the death of Sir John Moore, gave rise to much disputation as to the ministerial management of the war, and the advisability of England's interference in it.

The fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George the Third to the throne, on October 25, 1809, was one of the most remarkable occurrences I have known. The old king was beyond all doub not only popular, but truly beloved by his people. Though not considered a clever person, he had sufficient judgment to select for his ministers the ablest and most honest politicians of his time. The celebration of the coming anniversary was a family matter everywhere—all classes, all politicians, churchmen and dissenters, were alike full

of excitement to make the day memorable. The churches were opened and well attended in the morning, and never has in my memory such an Accession service been celebrated. The charity children were generally adorned with true blue favours; subscriptions were made for feasting them, and many of them, either before or after their entertainment, marched up to Hyde Park. Most of the humbler classes wore pewter Jubilee medals, as big as crown pieces, which were struck for the occasion. London and Westminster were, as was then considered, brilliantly illuminated—the houses of the more wealthy and liberal with lamps or transparencies; but the greater number of the houses showed rows of tallow candles in little tin stands from bottom to top, and scarcely a house of the poorest lacked its farthing light stuck in a lump of clay. In the evening almost every one was parading the streets to witness the illuminations, and wherever there was any very grand exhibition the crowd was immense, though not infrequently disturbed by multitudes of squibs and crackers, occasional Roman candles, and pistol-firing, and now and then small cannon, the crowd readily making a lane for the discharge of the small artillery, which was not

always a very safe occupation for the cannoneer, as the watchmen and the parish constables were very busy in endeavouring to capture the disturbers of the nerves of the womankind of all classes, who, either on foot or in carriages (which, by the way, were the cause of more row and confusion than the pyrotechnics), formed a very large portion of the concourse.

It was not likely that on so stirring an occasion I should be left at school, and my dear father took care that I should find myself at home on the previous day. All that was to be seen or engaged in I was a participator of; and this was not the only occasion when at illuminations I dragged up to Whitehall a model iron cannon about eighteen inches long, with a musket bore, fired it off again and again, and ran off to escape being caught and locked up in the watch-house.

The Jubilee day was a glorious ending to George the Third's conscious existence. Soon after his favourite daughter, Princess Amelia, died of consumption, and the sad malady with which the king had many years previously been afflicted attacked him again, and never ceased till his death. He was not forgotten however; and the beautiful and affecting

prayer which was read on every Sabbath in all churches throughout the kingdom, and corresponding prayers in most dissenting chapels, not only kept his sad affliction constantly in mind, but were fervently and affectionately offered for his recovery.

The Prince of Wales's regency soon, as matter of course, followed ; and, to the great disgust of his political friends, he did the wisest thing of his life, if not the only wise one—he retained his father's ministers, instead of calling in the Whigs, although they had been his bosom friends through his previous life, to the great disgust of his father, who had never forgotten the deep-laid plot of the India Bill.

During the succeeding years little recurs to my memory excepting the successive victories during the Peninsular War. We were great politicians in our way at school ; but though at first we subscribed for a weekly newspaper, the *Observer*, and afterwards changed it for the *St. James's Chronicle*, which came out thrice a week, I feel quite sure that we thought more about the warlike news than anything else, and were always looking for victories, illuminations and fireworks.

Of one illumination, that for the battle of Vittoria, I have a very vivid recollection, as I had a goodly chance of being promiscuously bayoneted. Carlton House, where the Prince Regent lived, was brilliantly illuminated, and the crowd about it was, as the small boys now say, "awful." People of all sorts and kinds, big and little, male and female, were jammed up so closely that it was scarcely possible to move except by being swayed about first in one and then in another direction, just as one part of the crowd was more energetic and impulsive than another. A very pretty colonnade separated the courtyard of the palace from the street, and on its plinth every now and then an officer presented himself, holding Marshal Jourdan's *bâton*, which the Prince Regent had kindly ordered should be exhibited. The rush and attempt to touch this is scarcely to be described; the mob were almost wild with excitement, and pushed and shoved without mercy, either being ignorant or thoughtless of the sentinels at the two gates with their fixed bayonets, who, notwithstanding their good temper and best efforts to do no mischief, were jammed up, utterly powerless in the crowd. I was quite close to one of them at the eastern gate, and all round me were roaring out

lest any should be accidently spitted, and praying the sentry to unlock his bayonet, which he attempted in vain, till we at last with great effort freed him a little from the crowd so that he could get his hands at liberty and put his bayonet in its sheath.

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CHAPTER II.

APPRENTICESHIP, WITH DESCRIPTION OF THE HOSPITAL SURGEONS: 1813–14.

SOON after leaving school, in June 1813, I was introduced to Mr. Henry Cline, who afterwards became my dear and respected master, and it was agreed between him and my dear father that for a few months I should go round the hospital on his visiting days, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and that I should attend the anatomical lectures in the coming October, which were given by Astley Cooper and Henry Cline, that I might get an insight into what the professional life of a hospital surgeon was, and whether I should like it, before the final step of apprenticing me, as it was then—and, as I think, wisely—called. Accordingly for the following six months I went round, occasionally saw operations, and attended the lectures, and spent an hour or two daily in the dissecting-room. I was not however allowed to be idle in the intervening

time, but spent my mornings in keeping up and improving my classical knowledge, as a private pupil with the Rev. William Fancourt, then head master of St. Saviour's Grammar School, and well known as a first-rate scholar. I was however stuck fast in Cicero's 'De Oratore,' and was obliged to decline more than a very short acquaintance as it was one of the toughest, driest and, as seemed to me then, most unsatisfactory books I had ever encountered. I did not however find this the case in commencing the study of the Hebrew Bible, which however I deeply regret that, in consequence of my being fixed at the hospital, I was compelled after a short time to give up. What my teacher's name was I cannot now recall, but, though he was a very dirty and unsavoury Jew, he was an able and painstaking master, and he was not in fault if his pupils did not learn.

During the three months previous to the autumn course of lectures, I gradually began to acquire a slight knowledge of "walking the hospital." The surgeons at St. Thomas's each made their visits twice a week, and at the surgery in Sir Robert Clayton's square, at twelve o'clock each day, found their dressers and the pupils in larger or smaller

number, according to their celebrity, waiting for them to "go round" and visit their patients, who were distributed indiscriminately with those belonging to the physicians. Each surgeon had four dressers, one of whom lived at his own expense, or was supposed to do so, in the house; but he always slept there, and spent the greater part of the day within the walls, the rest at his lodgings, which were close by, so that he could be quickly fetched if wanted. He took charge of all the surgical cases, which were received at ten o'clock on Thursday, the "taking-in day," as it was called. He attended to all the accidents and cases of hernia which came in during his week of office, and he dressed hosts of out-patients, drew innumerable teeth, and performed countless venesections, till two or three o'clock, as might be, till the surgery was emptied, for at that time dressers had plenty of practical surgery to learn, and were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity. When the surgeon arrived the dresser on duty would show him, among the out-patients, any case about which he needed further help or which he thought advisable to be admitted, as likely to issue in an operation. No physic was given to surgical out-patients—lotions, blisters,

plaisters, linseed-meal and leeches however were as freely given as required. A room about fourteen feet square, with wall benches around, was allotted to the out-patients. A room of the same length, and about a third its width, on the one side, was appropriated to the examination of private cases, and the performance of minor operations; whilst in the other end, separated by a low partition, but of the same size as the patients' waiting-place, were carried on the various performances of plaister, ointment, and lotion making, with a row of closets for stores and for taking care of the tin dressing-boxes with which each dresser was provided, and which were daily furnished with a roll of tow, an ounce of lint—some spread with ointments, varying with the surgeon's fancy—and large pledgets, as they were called, consisting of sheets of tow overspread with wax and oil.

Having seen the cases in the surgery, the visit commenced. The surgeon, accompanied by his dressers, each carrying their plaister-boxes, which they then considered a mark of distinction, as showing their official position, visited both the male and female wards. The pupils accompanied them in shoals, if the surgeon was a

favourite, and pushed and jostled, and ran and crowded round the beds, quite regardless of the patients' feelings or condition. The whole business was generally concluded in an hour and a-half. Certainly not much was to be learned at these "goings round;" they were mostly occupied with chattering and playing, and making extra-hospital arrangements. But the working pupils might be seen at other times in the wards, caretaking or watching, and assisting the dressers in carrying out the orders given by their surgeon.

The operation day was Friday, and in the earlier part of my hospital life it was very rare to have less than two or three operations. The operating theatre was small, and the rush and scuffle to get a place was not unlike that for a seat in the pit or gallery of a dramatic theatre; and when one was lucky enough to get a place, the crowding and squeezing was oftentimes unbearable, more especially when any very important operation was expected to be performed.

The first day of October, which from time immemorial had been the commencement day of the anatomical season in all the London schools, at last arrived, and I accompanied my master to be

introduced as a pupil to the anatomical course of lectures at St. Thomas's. I cannot avoid calling up the recollection of the small and inconvenient place where the two Clines, Astley Cooper, and a host of worthies laid the foundation of the high professional character which they so richly deserved.

I have never been able to discover where Mr. Cheselden * delivered his anatomical lectures at St. Thomas's Hospital, but in or soon after his time the Governors determined on erecting an anatomical theatre within their walls, and in it both Clines and Astley Cooper taught anatomy, and the latter surgery also, till May 1814, when it was pulled down, the governors having built a new theatre, museum, and dissecting-room, towards which Astley Cooper and my master, Henry Cline, contributed £1000 each.

The dissecting-room in 1813 was a squarish room above the eastern half of the laboratory, lighted by two windows eastward and a square lantern in the ceiling; the west end of the room

* Mr. William Cheselden, F.R.S. (*b.* 1688, *d.* 1752), the most famous surgeon of his day, was closely connected with St. Thomas's all through his career, and for some years held the office of Head Surgeon at that hospital.

was fitted from top to bottom with glass cases for the preparations, and like cases were fixed high up wherever room could be found for them. A large fireplace and copper, used to prepare the subjects for dissection, was on the south side, and a large leaden sink under the windows was indiscriminately used for washing hands and washing subjects and discharging all the filth. In this room were usually standing about a dozen tables with their corresponding burdens, and six or eight pupils to each, so that on an average the room was crammed with seventy or eighty people, clad in filthy linen or stuff dissecting gowns, so that there was literally scarce possibility of moving; nor indeed was it much needed, for subjects were plentiful then, and pupils infinitely more industrious in dissecting than for many years they have been, though partly I must admit from lack of subjects, caused mainly by the operation of the Anatomy Act, which, though properly passed to put down the horrible crimes to which the previous system of obtaining subjects gave rise, yet has not afforded any sufficient provision for teaching practical anatomy in this country.

The anatomical theatre was on the same level

with the dissecting-room, and projected from it eastward by south. It was of elliptical shape, with a not very wide doorway on the west side, which gave entrance alike to teacher and pupils. Its total height to the base of the elliptical skylight did not exceed twenty feet, and within this were arranged five rows of seats, with a well in the centre for the revolving lecture-table, and steps rising from the doorway on each side to the higher seats. A gallery with seats ran round the whole building, which was so near the ceiling that its occupants could scarcely stand upright, and it was the general resort of the idler students, as the entrance was from a lobby at the head of the staircase. Outside there was a little lobby between the floor entrance of the theatre and a little room about eight feet wide, with cases for preparations on each side, which was known as the lecturers' room, as being their waiting room before lecture; it was also used for preparing the subject for lecture, and at the beginning of the season for payment of the lecturers' fees; these were received by the junior lecturer himself, who therefore at once became introduced to his future pupil, who was generally brought up by his father or master, often an old

and loving pupil of the old school, and made known by him to the teachers to whom he felt he owed his professional success from his own instruction in former years.

To this little room, between one and two o'clock, I accompanied Mr. Cline, shouldering our way up the crowded staircase and through the little lobby, which was jammed so full that we made our way through with no little difficulty. So soon as we had entered the little room an important duty of the first day of lecture began, viz. that of entering our names for the lectures and dissections, of which there were two courses, the autumn course beginning on the 1st of October, and the spring course on the 20th of January following. The fee for the anatomical lectures was ten guineas, and the same for dissections, exclusive of demonstrations, which was really a second course of practical anatomy, delivered in the theatre. Two courses might be entered for at eight guineas for the lectures and a like sum for the dissections; or a single course of either at five guineas each. As many as could be were entered before two o'clock, the lecture hour, and again after lecture, and so on for eight or ten days, by which time the whole class had assembled.

A few minutes before two, Astley Cooper, who was to deliver the first lecture, came briskly through the crowd, his handsome face beaming with delight and animation, and he was soon overwhelmed with recognition and hand-shaking of the numerous old pupils who generally added to the crowd to greet their old and beloved teacher. He was dressed in black, with short knee-breeches and silk stockings, which well displayed his handsome legs, of which he was not a little proud. Almost to a minute he was in the theatre, where loud and continued greetings most truly declared the affectionate regard his pupils had for him. His clear silvery voice and cheery conversational manner soon exhausted the conventional hour devoted to the lecture; and all who heard him hung with silent attention on his words, the only sounds which broke the quiet being the subdued pen-scratching of the note-takers. He had not any pretension to oratory, spoke with a rather broad Norfolk twang, often enlivened us with a short "Ha, ha!" and when he said anything which he thought droll, would give a very peculiar short snort and rub his nose with the back of his hand. He rarely endeavoured to tell of more than he knew from his own personal work and know-

ledge, and when he had to refer to any particular matter which was beyond it, he pulled a little red book out of his pocket and read from it. Still, he was one of the most attractive teachers I ever heard; and, as he only talked of what he really knew from his own experience, what he taught was to be implicitly trusted. He was himself a good example of what I have heard him say—that if a man knew his subject well, he could not fail of being able to impart it.

The first twelve lectures given by Astley Cooper we were accustomed to call the physiological lectures—on what, however, has long since been called by the French general anatomy—in which a slight sketch was given of the several structures of the body and the functions they were destined to be engaged in. At the present time, I imagine, our advanced knowledge would be inclined to consider them trashy, but they were up to the science of that time, well planned, and illustrated by plentiful preparations.

These lectures were followed by about ten on the bones, four of which were devoted to those of the head and face, also given by Cooper, and the various fractures, their characters and local treat-

ment, cursorily noticed. Every theory was demonstrated three or four times, so that the sitters at every part of the theatre might see as well as hear.

The rule was that each day's allotted subjects should be got through in about an hour and a-quarter, from which Cooper rarely deviated. But generally there was a loitering of ten minutes at the table, after lecture was finished, when the more inquiring pupils would flock about Cooper and assail him with heaps of questions more or less apposite, which he always most cheerfully answered, and seemed pleased to be asked; and not infrequently very valuable remarks were elicited from him.

Thus much of the anatomical course having been gone through, Mr. Henry Cline commenced his portion of it. He was a tall, sickly, and very plain man, marked with small-pox, and very shy; but when he spoke, his smile was most pleasing and agreeable; he wore powder, as was the general custom, but his hair was most oddly dressed, a sort of *toupet*, with longish hair combed down straight, and matted with pomatum and powder. An old friend of mine used to say he looked as if he had put his head in the dripping-pan on one side, and

the flour-tub on the other; but the simile would have been more correct had he said his hair had been well plastered down with butter and powder, or with oxide of zinc ointment. But though I have given this odd though true description of him, I became from the first very warmly attached to him, as from his unvarying kindness to me I was bound to be. He too appeared in the theatre in short knee-breeches and black silk stockings and a brown coat, for in those good old times it was thought that, though dress in itself might be despised, yet the office of teacher involved a certain sort of attention to the outward garb. Cline's lectures commenced with the muscles of the head, beginning with the *occipito frontalis* and then to the face. The contrast between him and Astley Cooper was very great; the joyous manner of the latter had no correspondence in my dear master—he went on in a quiet monotonous tone and very slowly till the day's allotment was completed. But from his lectures we never got out under an hour and a-half, and sometimes even three-quarters, and as I advanced in my pupilage very tiresome work I found it, as did my fellow students, who never filled the theatre as they

flocked to it when Cooper lectured. Perhaps, however, one reason was that, as Cooper was senior, he had choice, and took the best and most interesting subjects in the anatomical course.

Soon after October I began to attend the operations in the hospital theatre; this was for some time a very hard trial for me. I was always very anxious to see all I could, and soon got over the blood-shedding which necessarily ensued; and so long as the patient did not make much noise I got on very well, but if the cries were great, and specially if they came from a child, I was quickly upset, had to leave the theatre, and not infrequently fainted; but generally, on recovering, if the operations were continuing, returned to my place to see the end. The heat had probably something to do with this failing, for the theatre was almost invariably crammed to excess, and the atmosphere almost stifling; and under any conditions I could not bear a close hot atmosphere without the same result.

I was soon introduced by Mr. Cline to his cousin and my dear friend through life, Joseph Henry Green, who was then his apprentice, having been turned over to him from his father

on his resignation. He, during that first season (1813–14), dissected for lecture in the little room which I have already referred to; and there I used to sit with him continually in the morning to watch the progress of the dissection. He had also been appointed demonstrator; and I believe I am right in stating that with him began this year the delivery as part of his duty of a regular course of practical anatomy in the theatre, which the pupils used to run into in their dissecting dresses. Such spare time as he had left was spent in demonstrating at the several tables in the dissecting-room. The pupils, however, were for the most part in the habit of teaching themselves there, their chief aid being a manual called the 'London Dissector,' though sometimes this was supplemented by the help of some older and more experienced pupil. Who the author of that thick small octavo was, was unknown for many years, though at last he turned out to be Mr. Scratchley, an assistant surgeon in the artillery; but it was the book in general use for many years, and had a very large sale. A few men who were more disposed to anatomical literature used Fyfe's 'Anatomy,' a book in three octavo volumes,

the author, as I heard, then being assistant in the anatomical theatre at Edinburgh. There were also other two books: 'Innes on the Muscles' and 'Barclay on the Arteries,' both capital books, but the generality of pupils preferred the 'London Dissector.' Small *corpus anatomicum* as it was, it kept its place till Green published a small volume, 'Outlines to a Course of Anatomy,' which gradually grew into his 'Dissector's Manual,' and Stanley's 'Practical Anatomy,' which became the dissecting-room book at St. Bartholomew's.*

It was the custom for the lectures to run on continuously, with only one break, up to a day or two before Christmas, when four or five holidays were given, and the greater number of the students, except the most hard-working, usually availed themselves of them to have a run home, and they returned pretty punctually. But this vacation always did mischief, for the work done after it was never as active as it had been previously.

The break I have spoken of was always regularly expected and made; and I well recollect my

* Mr. South himself afterwards contributed to this series of text-books: 'South on the Bones' was, I believe, long one of the most popular anatomical treatises among medical students.

first hearing its announcement after the lecture on November 8, by Mr. H. Cline, in the following terms, which I often heard him repeat—he was usually engaged lecturing at that period of the year: "Gentlemen, to-morrow there is a very grand civic festival; and, as many of you who come from the country would probably wish to see it, and will not have another opportunity, it has been the custom here to give a holiday, and therefore there will be no lecture to-morrow." This announcement was received with as much noise and pleasure as it would have been by a parcel of schoolboys; and indeed these were so, though only of a little larger growth. On this Lord Mayor's day I participated in the pleasures of the water procession in the care of an older pupil, who kindly took charge of me. It was really a sight well worth seeing and being remembered, and can only be compared with the Doge of Venice wedding the sea; and its gorgeous appearance indicated to foreigners no mean idea of the city's wealth.

The object of the procession was to convey the Lord Mayor of London, who on the 9th of November entered his year of office, from Old Swan Stairs (the present approach to the City

steamboat pier) to Old Palace Yard Stairs, where he landed, and thence visited the Judges at Westminster Hall. Which done, he returned by the same route, and, landing at Blackfriars Bridge, entered his state coach, and with his cortege paraded through the streets to Guildhall to dinner.

. For this water procession the city provided a very handsome state barge, in which was lodged for the time the Lord Mayor and his suite. He was attended by the barges of the twelve great City companies with their courts and liveries; besides shallops belonging to some of the smaller companies, all decked with flags and provided with music, which played throughout the route. The lighters along the banks of the river were filled with spectators; boats of all sorts and sizes, crammed with passengers, covered the whole surface of the river, and were continually jostled and run into, as they thrust among one another, like poultry at feeding time, endeavouring to get near such of the company barges as, whilst pleasantly feeding themselves in their great cabins, generously distributed cakes and wine, in little wooden cups made for the purpose, to all who were strong and lucky enough to get alongside;

though, more commonly than not, the fortunate acquirers of the wooden cups were rarely able to get the wine to their lips, as it was usually jerked out by the hand of some disappointed candidate. I was lucky enough to get two of these wooden cups, and retained them as trophies for many years. The noise and fun was very great, and as the boats were generally pretty heavily laden, upsets were not infrequent, and lucky were they who escaped with a ducking. I do not recollect to have participated a second time in this very amusing, and—if the weather were fine —very pretty and interesting spectacle.

But City companies' barges, like those of others, would grow old, and become very expensive to tinker up or replace with new; and so first one and then another quietly sloped off to the ship-breaker's yard, and at last his Lordship's barge was attended only by three or four of those belonging to the richest companies. And the whole procession at last disappeared, as the land procession almost has,* because some wiseacres, who

* This year (1883) has witnessed a revival in the land procession of much that was distinctive of the old civic pageant. In 1857 the Thames Conservancy was transferred to a paid board from the Corporation: this seems to be the date of the final disappearance of the water procession.

forget signs often indicate great facts and recall much of ancient things which ought not to be forgotten, fancied they should show superior judgment over the old proverb "dulce est desipere in loco" and wrote down the Lord Mayor's procession as a piece of antique mummery, which ought to be got rid of in these highly-favoured days of utilitarianism.

Before the autumn course was concluded I had quite decided from my short hospital experience that I would become a surgeon, and so accordingly, the fee of five hundred pounds having been paid to Mr. Henry Cline, I was bound apprentice to him on February 18, 1814, for six years, at the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Mr. Henry Cline, my dear father, and myself presented ourselves at the College between five and six in the evening, and, after wasting a short time in the secretary's office, we were handed into the Court of Examiners. Sir Edward Home was then Master, and, immediately on our being presented to him, I was transferred by him to Mr. Cline, who was Junior Governor, and by him taken to a little side-table and presented with a copy of Cicero's 'Offices,' a portion of which was pointed out to me to translate, to test my proficiency in Latin.

I well remember I did it very badly, for though I knew Horace and Juvenal and Sallust and Cicero's orations pretty well, this 'De Officiis' was always to me a most detestable book; however my examiner was not very stringent, and quickly reported me as proficient in my Latinity. And so I was bound, and never regretted it, for Henry Cline was to me a kind master and teacher, who took much pains and encouraged me to work, set me an example of gentle, kind, unremitting attention to the patients under his care, and in every way endeavoured to promote my professional improvement. A day or two after I was registered at the counting-house as an apprentice at St. Thomas's Hospital. I was now fairly inducted as a hospital apprentice, and immediately felt myself advanced not a little over the heads of my fellow pupils and dressers (though I did not for many months assume the duties of the latter), for we, the apprentices, considered ourselves in dignity only a step lower than our masters, and held up our heads accordingly.

St. Thomas's and Guy's were at this time, as they had been for many years, the "United Hospitals." Each surgeon of either hospital had to

himself the fees of his four apprentices or dressers, but the fees accruing from all the surgical pupils were equally divided between the three surgeons and the apothecary of each hospital. How these latter gentlemen ever became engrafted into the fee-taking of the surgeons I could never ascertain, though I have often endeavoured to find out from the hospital records; and they most sedulously prevented the surgical apprentices, dressers, and students entering their premises. I presume that from some accident the surgeons had failed in the physicians' wisdom, who had all their pupil fees, and they were not many, to themselves, the pupil paying an additional guinea to the apothecary, who forthwith presented him with a hospital Pharmacopœia, which he had the privilege of printing at his own cost.

The surgeons to the hospital at this period were Mr. George Chandler, Mr. John Birch, and Mr. Henry Cline, my master, who had been elected to the post on his father's resignation, after a service of many years as surgeon and teacher of anatomy and surgery. He had been apprenticed to Mr. Smith, as well as Messrs. Chandler and Birch, but was their junior by some years, for, as they were rather

frolicsome young men, Mr. Smith recommended Mr. Cline's father not to have him apprenticed till their time was out, lest they should make him idle.

Mr. Chandler when I first knew him was an elderly man, but very active and brisk for his age. He was short in person, bald and grey-headed, careless about his dress, which however was scrupulously clean and nice; and in the summer-time he delighted in nankeen trousers, and was evidently the remnant of an old beau. In his manners a perfect gentleman, kind and affable to every one, even to the poorest person he came near. He was very kind to patients, dressers, and pupils, and as polite to the ward sisters and nurses as if they had been ladies; and for any little common attention he rendered the most unbounded thanks. In his ordinary conversation he dealt largely in repeated verifications, and his "Certainly, most assuredly, without doubt"—which commonly flowed in a continuous stream in relation to any subject on which he was speaking, not infrequently also adorned with "Dear me! bless my soul!"—must be well remembered by the few old pupils who are now remaining. He was an examiner at the College of Surgeons, and—for his easiness—the

candidate always longed to fall under his examination, as they felt pretty sure that he would certainly pass them. Insomuch that there was a common story that Mr. Chandler never rejected but one man in his life, and that he was so distressed about it that he did not sleep for a fortnight, and declared he would never turn back another pupil. Another anecdote, of nearly the same sort, I can all but vouch for the truth of. Whilst Mr. Chandler was an examiner he sat at the same table with Sir William Blizard, who, though otherwise a very kind-hearted man, when occupying his official place was a very stern, formal Rhadamanthine person, who delighted in terrorising the candidate—though by this I do not mean his examinations were faulty or tricky, for he was a good anatomist and a tolerable surgeon; but his conduct arose from his notion of sustaining the dignity of the Court. On this occasion Mr. Chandler first examined the candidate, and in his usual manner finished by saying—"Well, sir, most assuredly you have passed a very excellent examination." With which of course the candidate felt very happy, and expected that a very few minutes would make him a member of the College; but, alas, this was not

to be, for the inexorable Sir William now took him in hand, and, very soon finding him very deficient, turned to his fellow-examiner with—"Why, Mr. Chandler, this gentleman knows nothing at all; it is impossible to pass him!" which was doubtless the more correct decision. Upon hearing this, Mr. Chandler, turning to the trembling candidate, said to him—"Well, my dear sir, certainly I am most exceedingly sorry; but certainly, most assuredly, as Sir William says, you are so ignorant that it is impossible to pass you."

As to his surgical attainments, Mr. Chandler was a fair surgeon, and personally took as much care of his hospital patients as he would of the most wealthy in private. He most commonly himself assisted in the dressing of his patients when he went round. I often saw him operate, and doubt not that at an earlier period he had been a very good operator, though he was not much of an anatomist. He was very rapid—indeed the quickness with which he operated was marvellous, and seemed almost like conjuring.

Mr. Cline's manners, as I have before mentioned, were shy and retiring. He was very quiet and taciturn in making his visits, but was always ready

to give any information when asked. He was extremely kind and attentive to his patients, took care that they were not neglected by his dressers, and both by his example and authority insisted on almost womanly tenderness in the necessary handling which his cases required, and carefully attended to little matters which added greatly to the patients' comforts, but by most others were held to be too trivial to call for attention. He was a very good mechanic, and was very fond of any little gimcrackery which might at the moment strike him as likely to promote his patient's comfort. As an operator—if the making the best-planned incisions to produce the best subsequent adaptation of divided parts, and if thorough anatomical knowledge that he could operate under the most difficult conditions; and if previous thoughtful consideration of all the steps and possible accidents of an operation, and firmness and steadiness in its performance, were the qualifications of a good operator, then Henry Cline was such. But, with all such qualities, there was one drawback—he was very slow; he thought indeed that an operation ought to be done well, and he did not much care for the time he occupied in so doing it; his slow and deliberate

manner was therefore often not agreeably compared with that of more rapid operators; but the results of his operations were not surpassed by any.

Mr. Cline had only one other apprentice besides myself, his cousin Joseph Henry Green, before mentioned, and by his kindness, although I did not become an actual dresser till December 1815, I was earlier brought into work, by occasionally, when he was busily employed in the dissecting-room, or away from other causes, taking charge of his patients or those of any other of my master's dressers who wished to have a little relief.

Mr. Chandler had however two apprentices at this time. The elder was John Adair Hawkins, the son of Adair Hawkins. He was a very kind-hearted, good fellow, who was a great favourite with every one, but was a very curious character; he was excessively careless in dress and cleanliness, though, when occasionally he took the trouble to sacrifice to the Graces, he was as gentlemanly a person in appearance as he was in heart and behaviour; but generally at the hospital he sauntered about more like an old-clothes man than anything else, and was always begrimed from head to foot with snuff. He was very musical, and, having

recently returned from Scotland, had brought back some bagpipes, on which he could make a modicum of noise, but had not attained proficiency in their use. His fellow apprentice was Robert Rowley the son of an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who had been bound about a month before myself. He had been educated at St. Paul's, and was a blunt, heavy, but not unkindly tempered fellow.

The apprentices at Guy's at this time were Thomas Callaway, grandson of the steward; Fred. Tyrrell, son of the City Remembrancer; John Morgan, son of the actuary of the Equitable; and Henry Charles Cooper, nephew to Mr. Cooper, to whom they were all bound. Charles Chandler Egerton, nephew of Mr. Chandler of St. Thomas's, was also apprenticed to Mr. Lucas shortly after my connection with Mr. H. Cline. Of Callaway and Tyrrell I did not for some years know much, as they did not dissect at St. Thomas's, a small room having been set apart for that purpose at Guy's, where for the apprentices and dressers a little dissection went on, and where I think Mr. Saunders—and afterwards for a short time Mr. Travers—demonstrated. But Henry Cooper and Morgan I very soon knew well as both worked at

St. Thomas's. Henry Cooper dissected for lecture, and as soon as I knew anything about dissecting Mr. Cline put me to assist; we soon became very well acquainted and friendly. He was one of the most elegant, gentlemanly young men I have ever known; very good tempered, but when I first knew him not very fond of work, which bothered his uncle a little. This however was his uncle's own fault, for he had allowed him to become very intimate with some of the greatest rattlepates in the school. He did at last however set to work heartily, but was unfortunately cut off, after about a fortnight's fever, in February 1816.

As the two hospitals were so closely connected that the surgical student class went round and attended the operations at each, as they pleased, I could not fail knowing the surgeons there, all of whom presented some distinctive characters.

The senior surgeon, Thompson Forster, who had been in the earlier part of his life in the army, was a very gentlemanly old man, with the upright gait and carriage and spotless neatness of an old soldier. He was rather precise and prim in manner, and had a decided aversion to the pupils visiting the wards with him with their hats on which occasionally

resulted in a short reproof. He did not operate very frequently, and I do not recollect much of his performance.

The second surgeon was William Lucas, more commonly known as Billy. His father had been formerly one of the surgeons of Guy's, and I have often heard him spoken of as a little man, and very excellent surgeon and operator. His son William was however in every respect a very different person. A tall, ungainly, awkward man, with stooping shoulders and a shuffling walk, as deaf as a post, not overburdened with brains of any kind, but very good-natured and easy, and liked by every one. His surgical acquirements were very small, his operations generally very badly performed, and accompanied with much bungling, if not worse. He was a poor anatomist and not a very good diagnoser, which now and then led him into ugly scrapes.

There was a story current among the pupils, of which I have some grounds to believe the truth. Billy had to amputate the leg, but just as he was about to commence he found himself on the wrong side of the patient, and accordingly he shifted his position, but forgetting the (to him) altered position

of the limb, he performed his circular amputation and made the covering for the bone at the wrong end, so that the bone which was to be left in the stump was left projecting and uncovered, whilst that which was removed was furnished with superfluous covering.

The other surgeon was Astley Cooper, as he was familiarly called. Tuesdays and Fridays were the days when he went round, and, as his carriage drove quickly up and stopped at the hospital steps, he was out in a moment and skipping up like a bright schoolboy. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of pupils, amongst whom he, towering like Saul above the people, rushed—for walk he did not—up the ward staircases, the pupils pushing and scrambling so as to get near and catch his kindly recognition and listen to the professional observations he made on any interesting case under his care, or to hear answers, which were readily and clearly given, to the innumerable questions with which he was overwhelmed.

His manner with the patients was always encouraging and kind, and he not infrequently enjoyed a little joke with them as he went along. I never recollect to have seen him lose his temper or treat

a patient with unkind rough language, but, on the contrary, with gentle sympathy, which won for him their immediate confidence and warm attachment. His visits rarely occupied more than half or three-quarters of an hour, but he got through in that time twice as much as most other men. If he had to give anatomical lectures he left Guy's, and quickly walked across the street to St. Thomas's, where a few minutes were spent in the museum, asking for anything he specially wanted for the day's lecture.

For operating with alacrity, and well at the same time, I have not known his equal; his great practical anatomical knowledge enabled him to operate without the least fear of getting into scrapes, which less facile anatomists would more carefully avoid by taking more time. I never saw him at fault excepting once, when in tying the femoral artery for popliteal aneurism, after the old fashion—with two ligatures, and dividing the artery between—the upper ligature slipped off, and a violent gush of arterial blood ensuing, Cooper thrust all his fingers into the wound to "grab" the vessel, which of course he could not do. A bystander, Mr. Green, however, quietly placed his thumb on the artery at

the groin, and immediately stopped the bleeding. I did not see Cooper tie the aorta, as unfortunately I was from town. But I saw him perform another operation which excited much interest, and required much self-reliance and readiness to meet an untoward circumstance, which seemed not at all unlikely to arise. A Danish sailor was admitted under Cooper's care into Guy's Hospital . . . *

Another operation I saw him perform, which at the time excited a good deal of talk—he tied the saphena vein, I think, with a single ligature in a woman who had a varicose ulcer on the leg; violent irritative fever ensued, and the woman became mad. This led to Cooper always most energetically denouncing ligature of veins.

With all his boldness in acting out his maxim that a surgeon should have "an eagle's eye, a lady's hand, and a lion's heart," I cannot doubt that Cooper did think of the suffering of patients on whom he operated; his kind and encouraging and patient manner with them was very striking, and not exceeded by any operator I have ever seen; and I cannot pass by one striking example of this

* There is a space left in the MS. here, which unfortunately was never filled up.

which was told me by an old Quaker friend, from whose grandchild a nævus was to be removed. I do not know whether it was a lovely child or not, but when brought into the room it smiled very sweetly upon him, and Cooper burst into tears.

To his professional friends and acquaintances Astley Cooper was always most true and honest. He was at all times ready to advance their interests and encourage their honourable exertions ; he rarely if ever damaged any ignorant, though well intentioned practitioner by exposing his error to his patient, but most kindly endeavoured to smooth everything as much as possible. He was not a money-grubber—it is perfectly true that so long as he remained in the City money poured in upon him incessantly and increasingly, but he never either sponged upon his patient nor displaced the practitioner by whom he was called in. Well were it if this were the general practice of the profession, either then or now.

Another remarkable gift which Cooper possessed was his very retentive memory of persons, and their names and circumstances connected with them, so that he immediately recognised those he had not seen for years, and would talk of long

bygone matters as if they were of yesterday's occurrence.

Can it be thought surprising that, with such endowments, Astley Cooper should have been popular, and that all those who had enjoyed the privilege of his instruction and his intercourse should have loved and cherished their memory, and have held it the highest honour to be able to say—"I was a pupil of Astley Cooper."

When I first became a student, by some long-standing arrangement the lectures on anatomy and those on surgery were delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital, and the dissections carried on there, whilst all the lectures on practice of medicine, chemistry, therapeutics and materia medica, midwifery, physiology and experimental philosophy were delivered at Guy's—the former three subjects by physicians of Guy's Hospital alone, which was a very sore subject to the physicians of St. Thomas's, who had formerly made vain attempts to participate in the medical teaching, thinking that, as a Guy's surgeon was a teacher in the anatomical and surgical lectures at St. Thomas's, they ought to share in the medical teaching at Guy's.

When I first began, in October 1814, to attend these lectures, Dr. Babington and Dr. James Curry were the teachers on practice of medicine. Dr. Babington, a good-tempered, kindly Irishman, had been Apothecary at Guy's from 1781 to 1795, when he became Assistant Physician, and was associated with Dr. Saunders as Lecturer on Medicine. He had no pretentions to oratory, but he was a very excellent practical teacher, who was listened to with great pleasure and advantage, as his lectures were full of experience and practical good sense which the simplest mind could receive and understand. He used to wear black, with silk stockings, was a very untidy dresser, and rejoiced in dirty hands, but he was gentle and pleasant with every one, and always ready with some funny anecdote, and always in a hurry, for which his large and well-earned practice was a just excuse. His colleague, Dr. James Curry, was a very different person in every respect excepting in being an Irishman also. He was a man of very extensive reading and of very observant habits; his lectures went into the very bottom of things; he told of all that had been said and written by every one who had handled the subjects on which he treated, but he dearly loved

theorising and criticising, and the greater part of his portion of the course was occupied with the discussion of the various doctrines of fever, other and equally important subjects being generally very cursorily treated. He was very fierce and uncompromising in his criticism on the experience and views of other physicians, but the whole of his treatment consisted in calomel, or calomel and opium, and this to such extent that he acquired the nickname "Calomel Curry." He was one of the most fluent and attractive lecturers I have ever known; his language was unexceptionable, and his words flowed in an unbroken torrent; he could talk about anything and make everything full of interest. The attention of his large class never flagged, though certainly a large portion of what was said had little practical use, and for real utility could bear little comparison with Babington's homely but very practical teaching. Curry was a thin spare man, of fair complexion and pinched cynical features, with sharp piggy eyes, and so near-sighted that he always wore spectacles. He was rather a buck, in his way; he wore a powdered sandy wavy wig, dressed in black, but always had on a very smart foppish great-coat, and showed

a profusion of shirt and an enormous neckcloth; he wore a large gold watch and chain, which, immediately on seating himself at the lecture-table, he placed on one side of his desk, and played with incessantly during the whole lecture, and this at the same time gave him opportunity of displaying a large seal ring which he wore on his little finger. He was not liked as a man; every one feared to come near him, as he had the habit of a continual snarler, and did not make allowance for the lack of knowledge exhibited by the pupils, who occasionally though rarely, presumed to question him. Though I never attended his hospital practice I have no doubt that he was, from what I have heard of those who were well able to form an opinion, a very able and intelligent physician, and that, though he certainly did ride his calomel hobby pretty hard, yet the principles on which he employed that invaluable medicine were well founded, and have borne good fruit.

CHAPTER III.

THE APOTHECARIES' HALL AND THEIR EXAMINERS: 1814.

IN the year 1814 was passed the act commonly known as "The Apothecaries' Act," by which a committee of the Apothecaries' Society or Company, chosen by the Court of Assistants of that Company, were empowered to examine, and to compel to be examined, at their Hall, all persons who after the passing of the Act should practise as apothecaries, under penalty of an action in the King's Courts.

The Apothecaries of London had been originally a constituent part of the Pepperers' or Grocers' Company, from whom in the reign of James I. they were separated, and by his charter established as an independent Company of the City of London.

As by this time the College of Physicians had assumed an important position in our profession, and had already passed regulations as to the compounding of their "bills" or prescriptions by the apothecaries—who were then, and long after

mere compounders of medicine; in other words "the chemists and druggists" of the present day—it may fairly be considered that the College assented to, even if they did not more warmly promote, the grant of the charter; considering also that the countenance they afforded the new Company would render the apothecaries more easily controllable and submissive to the regulations which the College, in virtue of its own charter, considered themselves empowered to enact. Whether, however, this were so or not, their new dignity seemed to impress the Apothecaries with a notion of their own importance; they began to complain of and dispute the behaviour of the College towards them, and as of old "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," so the College and the Society got up a pretty feud between them, which led to proceedings in the Star Chamber.

That at this time the physicians prescribed such simples, chemicals and galenicals as each and everyone believed in, and that the apothecaries did not provide such articles always unadulterated—for there is ample proof that adulteration was by no means an uncommon practice—besides numerous other quack-salvering materials in which people even of the highest classes at that time delighted

is extremely probable. In the hope, however, and with the determination that such a state of things should be put down, the College wisely determined on forming a Pharmacopœia, and accordingly the first Pharmacopœia was published in London in 1618.*

As there were now medicines to be had authorised by the College as fit for treating "all the ills which flesh is heir to," and as there was no restriction to any one physicking himself therewith to his heart's content, and it was very natural for common people to think that those who made medicines were very likely to know what they were good for and ready to give them accordingly, it is not at all surprising that the lower class, and even many of those above it, should have resorted to the apothecary rather than continue putting themselves under old women and quacks, for which the public long had great propensity; and it may be doubted whether the same inclination has even now been got rid of.

The physician for the most part was, for years

* The date is not filled in in the MS.; but medical books assign it to this year: see Paris's Pharmacologia (8th edit.) p. 78, footnote 2.

after the Apothecaries received their charter (excepting those attached to hospitals), far too high a person to be approached except by nobles and great people. The surgeons of the Barbers' Company indeed insisted and would prescribe medicines and diet drinks, notwithstanding frequent collisions with the College of Physicians, for their surgical cases, many of which indeed were strictly medical. But to the apothecary for their ordinary ailments the less affluent would naturally apply, and as there could not fail to be among the apothecaries many intelligent and observant persons, who would pick up knowledge of disease, empirical as it might be, and instruct their apprentices in as much as themselves knew, so it may be understood without much stretch of imagination how the class of general practitioners sprung up, and proceeded till they became an important and influential branch of the profession, which however in my earlier days looked almost reverentially on the College of Physicians and on hospital surgeons.

Many of the general practitioners within my remembrance were retired surgeons and assistant surgeons of the Navy, but the greater number had little more education than the knowledge of drugs

they had picked up in their masters' shops and what their own industry could acquire for them; and now and then a chemist and druggist would drop his apron and, taking to visit patients, soon write up over his door—"Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man Midwife," be esteemed a very clever man, and ride in his carriage; and was unhesitatingly met by any physician or surgeon whom he called on to help him when he was getting beyond his depth.

The apothecaries, or rather general practitioners, when they began to find they had attained a recognised standing-place in our profession, wisely but modestly attempted to improve it, and accordingly applied to the College Committee.*

* * * * *

Two of the best known examiners at the time of my being apprenticed were T. Wheeler and G. Johnson. Old "Tommy Wheeler," who then and for many years after was apothecary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital—the first introduction irresistibly drew a stranger to him; he was a little delicate spare man, wearing an almost Quaker-like garb, with a large profusion of shirt frill, which was

* A lacuna in the MS. leaves the narrative of the rise of the apothecaries unfinished.

always open, largely exposing his naked chest; his head was small, partially bald, with loose streaming light hair; his features were small, with bright twinkling, laughing eyes, and his general expression most benevolent and attractive. He was a great bather throughout the year, and never hesitated breaking the ice in winter to continue one of his favourite enjoyments. He was a serious, good man, and rarely failed, when a youngster was brought to be apprenticed at the Hall, to recommend him earnestly to read a chapter of the Latin Testament every night before going to bed. He was a very good classical scholar, and freely quoted Latin authors in his conversation. He was an excellent botanist, and for many years botanical teacher to the Society of Apothecaries' Company. In course of the discharge of this duty the apprentices not only attended his lectures at the Hall, but also accompanied him to his demonstrations at the Company's garden at Chelsea, and also on excursions afield, where the young people were dispersed about to collect such plants as they could find, which bringing to Tommy, he either described and expatiated upon them under the shelter of a hedge or in the dining-room of a little country inn, where in the

middle of the day they met to refresh themselves. These excursions in Wheeler's time were always a source of great enjoyment as well as instruction, not a little enchanced by the cheerful, loving, and profitable conversation of their esteemed teacher.

George Johnson, the other examiner, I knew best, as he was secretary of the Physical Society of Guy's Hospital, of which most of the Borough pupils were members. He was in appearance a little vulgar person of blunt manners, not very refined in his use of words, and having an inveterate habit of making the letter *v* supply the place of *w*, and *vice versâ*—in short, he was a Cockney, pure and simple. But withal Johnson had a kind and warm heart, was an earnest, pushing and observant man in his profession, a frequent bringer of cases for discussion to our society, in which he largely partook, and a general favourite with the students as well as with other members of the profession. We thought his no bad appointment as an examiner at the Hall; and although we joked him about coming to school again, when we observed him regularly, and as assiduously as any young pupil, sitting and listening to Green's anatomical demonstrations week

after week, to brush up his rusty anatomy, we thought more highly of his character in not hesitating to sit as a student among students who would at no distant time come before him as an examiner, in order that he might escape the chance of falling into such mistakes as some of his fellow-examiners were likely to, and did fall into, by contenting themselves with their old anatomical acquirements. A droll report of one of these self-satisfied persons was brought back by a pupil who went up to pass the Hall, and said that his examiner had insisted that the *lobulus Spigelii* was in the lungs. Of course this excited endless mirth, and, coming to Johnson's ears, he gave us a notion that he had suspicion who the wise man was, and said he would inquire about it; which he did, and of course returned with the assurance that nothing of the kind had occurred. We did not however doubt the assertion of our fellow student, and this curious location of the *lobulus Spigelii* was long a standing joke.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS AND ITS OFFICIALS IN 1814.

IT was in 1814, the year of the Apothecaries' Act, that I was apprenticed; the College lectures were then going on, and were being delivered by Mr. Abernethy, who was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, and by Mr. Cooper, who was Professor of Comparative Anatomy. These lectures were delivered on Tuesdays and Fridays at three o'clock in the afternoon, without any suspension of the lectures of these gentlemen at their respective schools, the only difference being that on the College days the school lectures were given at one instead of at two o'clock.

The amphitheatre was, I think, the most incommodious of any I have ever seen; it was semi-elliptical, with a small semi-elliptical alcove thrown back from the long diameter of the audience part of the building; and the floor space on which the

professor and his table stood was elliptical. A bust of King George the Third was placed high up on a bracket in the centre of the alcove; and on the floor at each end was a door: the eastern communicated with the court room and front entrance of the College, and the western door led through a little lobby into the museum. Immediately in front of the elliptical floor rose up very sharply tiers of seats to within about four feet of the wall, against a tall partition, behind which was a standing gallery, the floor of which was about eight feet below the semi-elliptical dome and lantern by which the room was lighted. The tiers of seats were very carefully arranged in reference to the dignity of those by whom they should be occupied. The first four rows were appropriated to distinguished visitors and the Court of Assistants, and the Master's chair occupied the middle of the first row, raised to a level with the second; they were admitted by the eastern door on the floor. This more favoured part of the audience were separated by a partition from the members, who occupied several tiers of seats, all indeed except two or three rows immediately below the gallery. They were admitted by a little narrow inconvenient door on each

side just behind the court, and they were in turn separated by another partition from the upper seats and the gallery occupied by the pupils, who scrambled in by a narrow door at its eastern end. The entrance to the members' and pupils' seats was from Portugal Street, at that time a filthy street, with butchers' and costermongers' carts belonging to Clare Market close by. The doorway was not more than three feet six inches wide, and opened on a winding steep stone staircase scarcely so wide, which ascended to a landing, at which there was a wicket giving entrance to the members through a passage to their doors in the theatre ; but the pupils had to ascend another flight till they reached the wicket by which they got admission to their gallery and seats. Nothing could be more inconvenient and disagreeable than this Portugal Street approach, as for many years the celebrity of the professors was very great, and thus the number of the audience and the desire to get good seats was such that they often stood in a crowd in the dirty street till the appointed hour for opening the door arrived, when the pushing and rushing upstairs could only be compared to the driving up the gallery stairs of a playhouse. Withal, however, though

the scuffling often caused rows, and now and then a blow or two, and always a scrimmage with the door-keepers—who were not of the most pleasant behaviour if the ticket was not ready, or the pupil's arms were so pinioned by the pressure that he could not get his hand into his pocket—yet still there was plenty of fun, and the youngsters did not feel their dignity offended.

After much crushing and pushing we, the pupils, got into the theatre; the more fortunate soon filled the seats, the rest had to stand or lean on the gallery rail, and be squeezed by those behind for about twenty minutes, as the students' allotment was soon filled. The more easy-going members avoided the crush, but they too gradually filled their seats. The lower tiers however remained untenanted for a time. But we were surprised at the enormous quantity of dried preparations, principally injections of the alimentary apparatus of mammals, which were piled on tables in the alcove and loaded the lecturer's table also; and proudly did we all look and feel, as we knew it was his work whose speedy appearance we were anxiously looking for, and which we should greet with a hearty good will. Whilst we wait a bright little bald-

headed man, with his head deep sunk between his shoulders, slips in and out through the western door, steps to one or other of the tables, and either places something additional or redisposes what is already there. Who is he? Oh, Mr. Clift, the curator—a dear simple-minded man, with a head crammed full of knowledge, and a kindly-hearted creature, who was always ready to impart all he knew to those who sought information in the pursuits for which he alone lived, and who never attempted to appropriate to himself, without acknowledgment, the information which he had under any circumstances acquired from others, but lived and died an honest, single-hearted and laborious man.

As we still wait and admire, from the eastern door stalks in, in a most lordly manner, a very tall hard-featured man, who throws a hasty glance upwards, and orders any chance hat which is remaining on the owner's head to be taken off, sees his orders obeyed, and retires; but comes in again, it may be once or twice, and the same scene is repeated.

At last the clock strikes four, and immediately the College Secretary, Mr. Belfour, appears through the eastern doorway, and heralds a long train of

visitors of all degrees and professions to the upper of the reserved seats, and disappears. Immediately appears the beadle in his black robes, and carrying his staff of office, with the silver scutcheon of the College arms, and fixes himself like a statue by the doorway. Now again enters the tall ungainly man we had already seen popping in and out and exorcising the hats, but he is now clad in the Master's heavy silk robe, and bears an enormous three-cornered hat; he walks in a most dignified manner to the chair, steps up, remains standing whilst the other members of the Court range around him, then bows very formally to the audience, takes his seat, puts on the formidable hat, folds his robe about him, and the whole dignity of the College is sustained in the person of Sir William Blizard. He is directly followed by our favourite teacher, Professor Astley Cooper, who comes in with his bright joyous smile, and evidently as much excited as a boy to make his holiday speech, to be received with long-continued applause, which sadly disturbs the dignified notions of the Master, who rises from his chair, and, having in vain tried to put it down, is fain to resume his seat; the cheering gradually subsides and the lecture begins.

Nearly the whole course was occupied with the anatomy of the digestive organs of such mammals as this country affords, and of a very few foreign ones, and with the physiology of digestion, so far as his own experiments had shown it to Cooper, and the chemical inquiries of Berzelius, Marcet and Davy had explained it. The expense to which Cooper had gone both in making preparations and drawings from recent dissections, was enormous; and, from my own personal experience of the expense of such, I doubt if the cost of the illustration of the single course of comparative anatomical lectures he gave at the College can have been less than £1000. I took notes of the greater number of these lectures, which I still possess, but I was a youngster then, did not write very fast, and unfortunately did not copy out whilst they were still fresh in my memory, so that they are now of little worth. But they had the effect on me of making me very deeply interested in comparative anatomy, and I soon became a very diligent visitor of the College museum, and a greedy listener to the large though desultory teaching which Mr. Clift's demonstrations of the Hunterian Museum afforded those of his followers who were desirous of being taught.

Sir William Blizard's antipathy to hat-wearing during lecture time, or rather to the non-removal of the hat before the entrance of the Court, led on one particular occasion to a very droll scene, in which Sir William was, as boys say, completely floored. My dear old friend and fellow-student William Pollard, who for many years of his life practised at Horsham in Sussex, was a member of the Society of Friends, but no "quaker," for William could quake before no man; yet he was as passively determined as any member of his society, in my early days, when the Friends thought it part of their profession to declare themselves to the world by the peculiarity of their dress and general demeanour. William Pollard was a handsome man, with bright intelligent eyes, and a gentle pleasing expression, of short stature, but well-proportioned. He held fast to the Friends' garb, a very ample drab coat with no unnecessary buttons, waistcoat of the same, short knee-breeches—if I rightly remember also of the same material—and grey worsted stockings; around his neck he wore a narrow white stock. He wore a beaver hat with, even for a Quaker, an enormously wide brim, which made him very conspicuous. At our lectures and debating society he conformed to

general usage, and uncovered his head as did other people. But on certain occasions he persisted in keeping his head covered, and one of these happened at the College lecture. Sir William Blizard, as usual, was occupied in unhatting any of the audience who carelessly or purposely, for the sake of worrying him, would not uncover till he had insisted again and again that his orders should be obeyed, and, seemingly satisfied with the result of his efforts, made one more glance over the theatre, when to his horror he found one head still covered, as it were in defiance of his authority. His anger at this contempt blinded him as to the character of the hat or its wearer, and he called out loudly and sternly—"Take off your hat, sir!" but neither hat nor wearer stirred; the order was repeated once and again with increased vehemence, when some one in the gallery called out—"Why, don't you see he is a Quaker?" The laughter and merriment which followed this observation baffle description; and, whilst quiet William sat in apparently perfect peace, the fiery Sir William made a more careful observation of the hat and its owner, and then, with one of his best stiff bows, said—"Sir, I beg your pardon—sir, I beg your pardon," and immediately

escaped from the theatre, amid the uproarious mirth of the audience. I cannot avoid mentioning another anecdote of dear friend William Pollard, indicative of his determinateness. In the year [1818?]* velocipedes made their first appearance, and the town for many months ran wild with them; people of all classes amused themselves in private or public grounds with them, and not a few sallied along the streets, either in the roadway or on the footway, to the great annoyance of walkers. Nor was it infrequent for the proficients in velocipedism to make journeys of twenty or thirty miles into the country. Friend William somehow or other got bitten, despite his quiet habits, with the velocipede mania, and actually so mounted visited his family at Horsham. William at that time lived in Blackfriars Road, where he had deservedly acquired a very good practice, for he was very well informed in his profession, as he was also an earnest upright man; so he thought his capabilities as a velocipedist might help him to make his professional visits at a distance with greater ease to himself, and

* The date is not filled in in the MS.; according to Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' "the dandy-horse or draisena, called velocipede, was patented by Baron von Drais, in Paris and London, in the year 1818."

without the expense and trouble of a horse and chaise ; accordingly he was soon seen scouring the streets on his velocipede. This continued for some time, till the annoyance to foot passengers by the velocipedes became so great that war was declared against them, and their riders were continually brought before the police magistrates and fined as public nuisances. Among these unfortunates our friend William was soon numbered, and had to appear at Union Hall, where in due course he was fined ; but, instead of carrying his hobby home, our brave Quaker, on leaving the hall, mounted it in the roadway, where, being considered as a wheeled carriage, he could not be interfered with, and sped him on his way with his usual equanimity.

For many years before his death Sir William Blizard lived at Brixton, which was not then, as now, a continuation of London, but had, deservedly or not, an evil report. At any rate Sir William did not think himself safe in returning from the College examinations late in the evening without being well armed, and therefore had usually with him pistols and a hanger, which during his occupation at the College were deposited in the Secretary's office. These on one occasion were noticed

by Guthrie, who chanced to take up the sword, and said to Sir William, "Why, Sir William, this sword does not seem often drawn, and must be getting rusty." "Oh, no," said Sir William, drawing and flourishing it about, "not at all, and with it I would face the devil." To which the quick reply was, "Well, then, I think, Sir William, you had better have it put in your coffin with you."

Sir William, though no performer, was very fond of music, which led him to bring before the public two persons who became of great and deserved celebrity, though of a very different kind. It happened that he was at Windsor, and was so much pleased with the singing of a boy that he made acquaintance with him, and, having persuaded him to enter the profession, apprenticed him to himself. This lad was Thomas Blizard, who subsequently became one of the surgeons of the London Hospital, was, I believe, the first person who operated, in England, for stone with a straight beaked knife, instead of a gorget, acquired great professional reputation in the city, and was running neck and neck with Astley Cooper ; the game, however, was a drawn one, as Blizard, through the suggestion of a City friend, took part of a loan, by which he made

sufficient fortune to enable him to throw up practice and retire to Ledbury, where he spent the rest of his life with deserved respect ; and, with remembrance of his former professional occupation, established a dispensary for the relief of the poor. Sir William Blizard married one of his sisters, and the other sister was the mother of Edward Stanley.

The other person who Sir William Blizard introduced to public life was John Braham, the celebrated singer. Sir William had heard him sing at the synagogue in the neighbourhood of Devonshire Square, where he resided, and was so struck with his voice that he brought him among the City folk. How subsequently Braham got on I do not know.

George Cooper told me that whilst at Guy's Hospital, where he was dresser to Astley Cooper for eighteen months, he lived in St. Thomas's Street, at a tallow chandler's, named Markham, where John Keats, the poet, lived with him, having been placed under his charge by Astley Cooper. After he had settled at Brentford he wished to prepare himself a skeleton, and for this purpose a subject, packed in a hamper, was forwarded to him by the passenger boat which

plied between London and Brentford. Passengers and packages were stowed away promiscuously in the boat, and two women chanced to be among them. It was a rather warm day, and, as the subject was known to be for skeleton making, it was probably not very fresh, and certainly rather odoriferous. The perfume was not long undiscovered. "It is a very warm day," observed one lady to the other. "Yes, ma'am, it is very close," was the reply; and this was immediately followed by—"Captain, there is a very unpleasant smell from that basket." "Yes, ma'am, I dare say; I brought it from a tallow chandler's in the Borough, and very likely it is graves!" The basket went on its way without further observation, and was duly deposited by the boat's captain at my friend's house, with the observation, "Well, sir, I have brought you a stiff 'un," and with an account of the circumstances just mentioned.

It was not an unfrequent practice during my studentship for the hospital apprentices, towards the conclusion of their time, to attend the surgical lectures at some other school. We of the Borough hospitals attended Mr. Abernethy, and they of St. Bartholomew's and the London came to

Mr. Cooper. This was a most useful and improving custom, as we had the advantage thereby of becoming acquainted with the different views of disease and its treatment held by the two greatest surgical teachers which London has produced, and who on some important points held very different opinions. Cooper's lectures may be truly stated to have consisted of enormous masses of facts, which his large opportunities of practice had enabled him to collect, and his powerful memory to retain, and pour out, as it might be said, in shoals, upon any subject with which he was immediately engaged. His teaching was empiric, in the true sense of the word; facts almost entirely his own, and more or less sequentially put together, made up his lectures. He had read little, and therefore knew little, and cared less, about the opinions of others. He had indeed attended Mr. Hunter's lectures on surgery, and now and then he talked about him, but he neither knew nor understood Mr. Hunter's peculiar views. He was content to give to his pupils the results of his own experience and observation, the latter of which was most diligently maintained throughout his long and laborious life. He was no orator, had not any large choice of words, and

his pronunciation was strongly Norfolk, of which county he was a native. His classical attainments were not great, and he often broke Priscian's head with his quantities; he continued throughout life to talk of the *prostrate* gland, although in his surgical lectures he printed it correctly *prostate*, and he used always to address his pupils as "Genelmen!" But withal there was a cheerful earnestness in his manner; he was so simply truthful, so clear and distinct in the conveyance of his own knowledge and experience to others, that the stupidest pupil, if only he would attend, could scarcely fail of comprehending the instruction offered to him. He rarely came into the lecture theatre without the cheerful recognition of the students; he retained their close attention so long as he spoke, and the scratching of the pens of the numerous note-takers was the only interference with his bright melodious voice.

The pupils did not come to surgical lecture at the very last minute, or drop in after lecture had commenced, but crowded round the door before it was opened, and, so soon as they had opportunity, rushed to secure the best places, so that those who, from necessity or choice, came in late found the

seats filled, and were obliged either to fetch stools and sit on the floor passage, or recline on the flights of stairs which led up to the ascending tiers of seats which surrounded the circular theatre at St. Thomas's; and, together with the gallery, would hold about three hundred students, which was generally about the usual number in attendance.

When I attended the surgical lectures at St. Bartholomew's, they were given in a small amphitheatre, most inconvenient for comfort—or, rather, comfortless—as the seats were without rails, and therefore each ascending row of students received the knees of those above into their backs, whilst they thrust theirs into those of the sitters below. Here also the theatre was crowded before the lecture began, excepting the floor, on which were only one or two joint-stools; that on the right hand, opposite the students, punctually at seven o'clock was occupied by a little trim man dressed in black and black silk stockings, and not infrequently wearing a top coat with a little tippet cape—his hair powdered and his bright little twinkling eyes looking in a rather droll manner around. Almost as soon as seated he places his elbow on an adjoining table, and rests his head on his hand, or

nurses one leg upon the knee of the other. Such was John Abernethy; and if it were the first night of the course he begins: "Gentlemen, there can be no doubt that medicine is, as I express it, more one and indivisible than the French Republic—it is the science which has for its objects the cure of diseases—but custom has split it into two branches, medicine and surgery. Physicians have the care of internal diseases; surgeons of external diseases, injuries or operations. But a local disease may cause constitutional irritation, and constitutional irritation may produce local disease," and so on.

Abernethy's surgical teaching consisted almost entirely in laying down principles; his relation of cases in support of them was very scanty; he generalised on the facts he had acquired by his observation and experience, and the results he put before his class, leaving to them to examine for themselves the truth of what he asserted, and to apply it in the investigation of disease. His course was arranged with great care and method, and commenced with that most important of all medical subjects, constitutional irritation, which he discussed with great clearness, and the ground of which he considered to be disease and disorder

of the digestive organs. He was an enthusiastic worshipper of John Hunter, whose doctrines he had largely imbibed, and of these he made free use in his lectures. He gave more attention to the constitutional treatment of surgical disease than other practitioners of his time, and it cannot be doubted that his views on this point have subsequently given rise to great improvement in surgical practice.

His style of lecturing was very attractive; there was an originality, a quaintness, and sometimes even a drollery which fixed the attention, and impressed what he said upon the hearer's memory in a manner I have scarcely ever known any other teacher to possess; and I can well remember that, after leaving the lecture, I could often run through the whole of it almost word for word.*

Edward Grainger and I used to attend these lectures together, and, as Abernethy generally finished a little before eight, we used to club for a hackney coach and get to St. Thomas's but a very

* But Mr. South had a very retentive memory; I have often heard him in advanced age hum a whole movement of one of Corelli's sonatas through, for instance, as I afterwards proved, without a mistake, though he could not have heard it played for a long while.

few minutes after Cooper had commenced his lecture, as he was generally not so punctual to time at his evening as he was at the morning lecture.

I was so delighted with Mr. Abernethy's surgical lectures that I made a point of attending a course of his anatomical lectures in the autumn of 1819, with which I was equally pleased. As to the practical anatomical part of the course it was poor enough—sometimes almost ridiculously so; and he would often burst out with—"Well, I can't teach you anatomy—I don't pretend to teach you anatomy—you must learn it for yourselves." But the lectures were largely interspersed with physiology of the Haller* period, beyond which little was then known; and the practical surgical observations which made at least a third of the course were most valuable. And I cannot forget that at the end of one of the courses, I forget which, Mr. Abernethy gave one lecture on surgical bandaging, in which the dissecting-room man was swathed

* Albrecht von Haller (b. 1708, d. 1777), a Swiss of remarkable versatility, was the first professor of medicine, anatomy, botany and surgery in the University of Göttingen. He wrote several treatises on physiology, but the most important of them bore the modest title of '*Elementa Physiologiæ Corporis Humani.*'

up in so great a variety of odd appliances as to excite much drollery among the students. It was however a most valuable lecture, and when I had become a surgical teacher I never failed to follow the good example set me at St. Bartholomew's, and which at that time I believe was not followed at any other school.

CHAPTER V.

RESURRECTION MEN AND THE ANATOMICAL SCHOOLS.

RESURRECTION MEN professionally — body-snatchers vulgarly—designations of very useful people, long lost to and all but entirely forgotten alike by the medical profession and the public. A set of wretched, clever, unprincipled rascals, resulting from professional and public need, if doctors were to have a main ingredient of their professional education provided, and the public were to have the advantage of real knowledge attained by the medical attendants, who they presume are more conversant with the structure of their corporeal frame than the present opportunities of acquiring anatomical knowledge in the United Kingdom can possibly afford. I am quite ready to admit that the mode of obtaining subjects for dissection up to

the year 1832,* when the Anatomy Act came into operation, was most disgraceful, most abhorrent to all our best and dearest feelings, and had reached such a pitch of atrocity and wickedness that it could not be longer borne with, and was most righteously put down for ever. But neither the Government nor the wise medical reformers, of whom the timber broker Mr. Warburton was the spokesman, and the report of whose Committee on Medical Education has not till the present time ever been laid before Parliament—not being quite consonant with his and his friends' notions, although it was generally believed to be in his possession, and possibly may still be in the pigeon-holes of some existing medical reformer of that period—neither the Government nor those gentlemen, who were so shocked by the conduct of the resurrectionists, devised by their Anatomy Act the means for enabling medical students to acquire the necessary practical anatomical knowledge on

* By an Act of Henry VIII. passed in 1540, surgeons were allowed four malefactors for "anatomyes;" this privilege was extended in after reigns. This state of things was partially reformed in 1828, but the use of malefactors was still allowed. In 1832 an Act was passed which prohibited the dissection of murderers, provided pauper bodies, under certain regulations, and appointed inspectors. See 'Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.'

which alone can be grounded all the medical and surgical science. As Astley Cooper very truly used to observe in reference to the necessity of acquiring anatomical knowledge, "Who would intrust the mending of his watch to a man who had never or very carelessly looked into its structure before, and knew not how the wheels and levers were placed in relation with each other, so as to produce its wonderful performance? And yet we do this every day with the marvellous mechanism of our own body, and allow it to be tinkered up by many who have never troubled themselves to obtain a knowledge of the structure and relation of its several parts." And, from my own large personal experience for many years past, I do not hesitate to state that, with very few exceptions, and they only of the most extraordinarily industrious and earnest, medical students have not been able to obtain more than a very small opportunity of acquiring practical anatomical knowledge. General anatomy—or, more properly speaking, structural anatomy—and the manifestation of its operative conditions on physiology, are, I frankly admit, of primary importance to the thorough knowledge of the functions of our corporeal frame; but I

cannot agree with the too prevalent notion of the present day, that spying through a microscope is to be thought more important than learning the anatomical relations of the systems of organs which make up the whole body, and which must be known to fit the medical practitioner for the treatment of disease and accident, and the performance of operations frequently therein involved. A knowledge of practical anatomy is what the medical student requires before all other, and that I unhesitatingly affirm the generality have not had the opportunity of acquiring for many years past in the United Kingdom.

Return we to the resurrection men. When I first came to the anatomical class, in October 1813, the supply of subjects was provided by four men, Ben Crouch, Bill Butler, Jack Harnett and Bill Harnett. The first three usually worked together; the last was rather an eccentric, sometimes working with them, and sometimes alone, under which circumstances there were continual feuds. There was also Jack Crouch, a younger brother of Ben, who was a sort of irregular. Of the whole party Ben Crouch was the acknowledged head. He was a son of the carpenter of Guy's Hospital; how

long he had been in the profession I do not know —probably many years. He had followed the army during the Peninsular War for the purpose of obtaining teeth for the dentists, and I have often heard Bransby Cooper speak of his having introduced himself to him soon after he had joined the army, subsequent to the battle of Salamanca, whether after he returned from Spain or before he went I am not aware. He was tried, with Butler, for a robbery at a clothier's in the city, but somehow or other he was acquitted; and these two worthies did not hesitate to make their appearance at the hospital in dresses made of cloth which they boldly boasted they had obtained from the ransacked warehouse. Ben Crouch was a large, coarse, ill-behaved, and impudent fellow, with a rough husky voice, not unfrequently drunk, and then more saucy and boastful than ever. He managed the affairs of the brotherhood, received the money for the subjects, and professed to divide fairly among his partners; but not unfrequently, they complained, he cheated them, and the result was a split, and they would not for a time work with him; but, as he was more shrewd than they, he soon managed to bamboozle them, and resumed

his control over them. Tom Butler was a short, very fat man, with bright mischievous eyes, good tempered, but generally drunk or on the very verge; he followed Ben Crouch like a dog. Jack Harnett was the most disagreeable of the party; he was of good height, carroty-haired and freckled, and very rarely had anything pleasant to say. Bill Harnett was the best of the lot; he was an Irishman, of cheerful and generally respectful manners. He was of slight, wiry frame, but very strong and active, and a capital boxer, well able to thrash either of his partners, which he often did in their quarrels, in one of which he had had two or three of his front teeth knocked out, which had somewhat spoiled his beauty. He drank pretty hard, and was now and then the worse for it; but he was always good tempered, and a great favourite with the pupils—more especially as, whenever there was a fall out between the teachers and the other resurrection men, he almost invariably sided with the teachers and did his utmost, by picking up outside help, to bring in subjects when the others for any cause—generally their demand for presents from the teachers not being complied with—were off

work. This, of course, always kept him on more or less bad terms with his fellows. Jack Crouch was a little saucy, silly fellow who generally, but not always, sided with his brother.

Such were the worthies by whom, with very few exceptions, all the anatomical schools in London were supplied—in general plentifully—with subjects. Obtaining a subject from the dead-house was matter of great rarity, excepting at one hospital which supplied its own school, till at last it was reported that the chaplain said he would not read the service over coffins full of stones any longer.

The price of subjects paid to the men when I first entered the profession was four guineas, with an additional four shillings to the dissecting-room man for cleansing, and a pound more if it were injected with wax. This price was for many years regulated by the teachers who formed the Anatomical Club, where all matters relative to the arrangements with the resurrection men or the general conduct of the anatomical schools were discussed and decided on; and, on the appointment of any new anatomical teacher, he was proposed for election into the club, which met for business and dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern. I was elected

into the club, and dined with them at their very last meeting. Soon after the club was broken up, but I do not remember under what circumstances. As my apprenticeship went on and my connection with the dissecting-room became closer and closer, it was not unnatrual that I should pick up a little information how the resurrection men carried on their business. Their principal source of supply was the London churchyards, and some of the cheap private burial grounds in the poorer parts of London. The sextons of those places which were robbed were generally in the pay of the resurrection men, and they afforded every facility they could for the purpose. If the way out were not too public the ordinary gate was ready; but in many instances it was not uncommon to engage a house overlooking the burial-place, through and in which the business could be carried on without suspicion. A light cart into which three or four subjects, in as many coarse sacks, could be crammed was the ordinary means of transport, but hackney coaches were not unfrequently used for the same purpose. The delivery at the schools was more commonly late at night, as the work was generally performed in the evening, soon after darkness had set in.

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Sometimes the churchyards a little distance from London were ransacked, but the resurrection men were rarely disposed to go so far afield, unless there had been any row by the discovery of a churchyard robbery in London, when the street watchmen and the Bow-street officers were presumed to be specially on the look-out, though generally their recognition of the resurrectionists, who were perfectly well-known to them, was not very quick.

The discovery of subjects on the way to the schools more commonly arose from the impudent hardihood of the regular men or from the timidity of interlopers who did not thoroughly understand the business, and, from their lack of expertness and resource, were more frequently disturbed in their operations in the ground, or, being frightened whilst bringing away their spoil, dropped it in the street and ran away.

The more important cause of the discovery of these forays for subjects was the quarrels of the regular resurrection men. Their mode of conducting their business was usually together, as one joint-stock company, who were under the entire control and direction of the greatest and cleverest

rogue of the party, who agreed with sextons and others, and *made the places right* at which the work was done, received the money when the work was delivered, and then divided the spoil among his partners. As this fellow generally took care to keep sober, whilst the others managed to get drunk at the public houses where their financial matters were arranged, he very commonly endeavoured to cheat them of their due share, and often succeeded. Sometimes they were not so drunk as to be content with the allotted share, and then a row arose—perhaps a fight ensued ; the one joint-stock company broke up into two or three, and each endeavoured to anticipate the other in robbing the grounds with which they were all acquainted. When it thus happened that a party visited a ground which had been previously worked by another on the same evening, and found their labours in vain, they would pull the coffins up, stick them on the adjoining wall, and scatter the graveclothes about, and thus the ground was effectually "spoilt," as it was called, as it naturally excited a great hubbub in the neighbourhood, led to no end of investigation by the authorities, though rarely to much purpose, and to the lighting of the

ground with one or two of those ancient oil lamps which only made darkness visible, and the setting on of a watchman ; who not unfrequently, in the course of a few months, became the resurrection men's very humble servant, and watched on their behalf.

The mode in which the exhumation was performed by the adepts was not, as might have been supposed, by digging out the newly-filled earth from the not very deep grave, and exposing the coffin lid, and, after removing, to take out the corpse, but they found it most convenient to dig down at the head of the grave, knock in the end of the coffin, and drag the body out. It was then disrobed from the shroud, which was most carefully put back into the coffin, to avoid committing a felony, the disturbance of the grave and taking the corpse being merely a misdemeanour. The subject was then doubled up into the smallest possible compass, and either thrust into a coarse sack or an orange basket—if in season—and laid aside till as many graves as were convenient had been despoiled.

On the comparatively few occasions when these night workers were caught in the fact, or with the spoil in a cart, they were, as might be expected,

very severely mauled by the lower classes; and it required all the exertions of the few elderly watchmen and constables then provided by law to convey them to the safe keeping of the watch-house, whence, on the following morning, they were taken to the public office in the neighbourhood of which the offence had been committed for a hearing.

If any of the party had escaped he soon brought information to the schools next morning of the unfortunate occurrence; but if all were taken they generally managed to apprise us by the kind assistance of a friend. If the men taken were disliked they generally had to take care of themselves at the public office as well as they could. But more commonly there was a sort of tacit or positive understanding that if the men *got into trouble* the teachers should do all they could, with or without legal assistance, to get the men off at the police examination; and, if they did not succeed, to find them bail for appearance at sessions; and in case of conviction to give them and their families pecuniary assistance whilst the men themselves were suffering their imprisonment, which was the punishment attached to their law-breaking.

The anatomical schools in London during my apprenticeship were: St. Thomas's, which was the largest, including as it did its own pupils and those of Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, and the London Hospitals; and Windmill Street, to which the pupils of St. George's and the Westminster Hospital were attached. In all these anatomy was taught only during the winter season, from October to the middle of May. There were also two private schools—one conducted by a clever but very eccentric person, Joseph Carpue, a very good anatomist, who had but few pupils, and carried on his teaching by the very unusual mode of catechism—for instance, he described a bone, and then made each pupil severally describe it after him, he correcting the errors, whilst the catechisation proceeded. It was not likely this would be a very attractive mode of teaching, neither was it. Poor Carpue's school came to grief, and he then turned popular politician, but was not more successful in that character. I remember him a tall, ungainly, good-tempered, grey-haired man in an unfitted black dress, and his neck swathed in an enormous white kerchief, very nearly approximating to a jack-towel.

The other private teacher of anatomy was Joshua Brookes, who had his school at the foot of Blenheim Steps, in Oxford Street. He taught anatomy throughout the whole year; during the winter those pupils of the West End hospitals who did not attend the Windmill Street school came to him; in the summer time, as there were no anatomical lectures elsewhere, pupils from every school in London came, both to hear his lectures and to dissect, as he had a method of injecting subjects with nitre, which fitted them for dissection in the hot weather, though at the same time it gave his little dissecting-room the strong scent of a ham shop. Though I never had the personal benefit of his instruction, I know he was deservedly and generally esteemed as one of the best—if not the best—teacher of practical anatomy in London. He spent literally the whole of the day in his dissecting-room, saving the time occupied with his lecture, and the continual examination of his pupils on what they had dissected; and I know of no teacher who ever more assiduously and legitimately crammed his listeners with anatomical knowledge demonstrated on the subject. He did not teach by coarse pictures, and learning by

heart the answers collected from reported College examinations, as did the genus of grinders, to whom idle students have for many years resorted, with the hope of *getting through the College*, though in reality they were utterly ignorant beyond the answers with which they had been crammed.

Whether from his close abiding in his dissecting-room, and performing the injecting of the subjects, or from his inherent love of dirt, Joshua Brookes was without exception the dirtiest professional person I have ever met with; his good report always preceded him, and his filthy hands begrimed his nose with continual snuff. In his ordinary appearance I really know no dirty thing with which he could compare—all and every part of him was dirt. But the grub could occasionally cast his slough; and, though I doubt not the process of washing, cleansing, shaving and putting on nice clothes must have been a sore trouble to Joshua, yet he did subject himself to this inconvenience *sometimes*, and then came out a pleasant gentlemanly person in black, with a powdered head, cleanish hands, but snuffy withal, and not lacking in good manners and information.

He was the brother of Brookes who kept the

celebrated menagerie in Exeter 'Change, intermediate between Polito and dear old William Cross, who, upon the destruction of the 'Change, became the founder of the Surrey Zoological Gardens; after his death they passed into the hands of Tyler, who built the music-hall which subsequently became the stepping-stone of the great Baptist preacher, Charles Spurgeon's, celebrity. This connection of Joshua Brookes with the menagerie doubtless led him to form his Comparative Osteological Museum, which was the only one of its kind in London of any value, the osteological stores of the Royal College of Surgeons being at that time mostly lodged in boxes in the College cellars, from which, however, they have been dislodged, and by their display in the College Museum show the riches of the Hunterian collection.

Brookes collected every animal he could lay hand on, and mostly converted them into skeletons only. His residence consisted of a tall oblong brick building, its short side abutting on the street; it had a basement—the ground-floor was occupied by his study, filthily dirty, where he received his visitors, and the two upper storeys formed his museum,

which was lighted from above, and so crammed with skeletons and other zoological specimens that it was hardly possible to move without knocking down something with one's coat-tail. Where Joshua actually lived and reposed I know not, but I believe he was very rarely out of his premises.

That he must have made much money by his class I do not doubt, but that he spent it all on his museum is quite certain; it was his pet lamb, and he sacrificed everything to its improvement. Circumstances over which Brookes had no control at last brought his school to a very low ebb; he was not so young nor capable of fatigue as he had been and he determined to shut up his school and sell his museum, and retire.

I must confess that I held, and still continue to hold, the opinion that the College Council of his time did not do Joshua Brookes justice by withholding from him a seat among them. His character as an anatomist was well known to be equal with any in London, his estimation among his pupils was undoubted; he worked diligently and honourably; but he was said to be not a gentleman, and very dirty.

In the autumn of 1816 Edward Grainger,

afterwards the founder of the Webb Street School of Anatomy, whose father was an apothecary at Birmingham, became a pupil of the United Hospitals. He was a most industrious student, and specially diligent in anatomical pursuits, so that among his fellow pupils he acquired a character upon which his future professional career was founded. He was of rather a staid and quiet demeanour, but strong-willed, and not easily diverted from any opinions which he had taken up. We were great friends, our constant occupation in the dissecting-room bringing us much together.

Grainger was destined to become a very important person, and the founder of a medical school which for many years largely interfered with the old school of St. Thomas's and Guy's. He had been a most industrious student, was an excellent anatomist, and had been a dresser of Astley Cooper, who had so high opinion of his professional talent and ability that, on his passing the College, he advised him to open an anatomical school in Birmingham, which probably he would have done but for the following cause, which led to his settling as a teacher in London.

On Joseph Henry Green being associated with Astley Cooper as Joint Lecturer on Anatomy, in consequence of the illness and resignation of his cousin, Henry Cline, Charles Aston Key was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy by Astley Cooper, an appointment which he richly deserved, as he was a very good anatomist. Grainger, however, thought that he was also entitled to be appointed Joint Demonstrator, and pressed Cooper to associate him with Key, presuming also upon the assistance he had given in the dissecting-room, which had rendered the pupils generally very much attached to him. Grainger was not however allowed to receive or join in the demonstratorship, which had been almost invariably, since the elder Cline's appointment as anatomical teacher, selected from the apprentices of the anatomical lectures; and they had indeed been always held to have a presumptive right to the appointment, if they had worked hard and were considered capable of taking the appointment.

Although disappointed Grainger was not disheartened; and, relying upon himself and encouraged by a number of the pupils who were friendly inclined towards him and thought him

hardly treated, and being aware that many of the Borough pupils were accustomed to attend Brookes' summer course of anatomical dissections he determined to feel his way by giving a summer course of dissections, and for this purpose engaged a large attic at a tailor's house in St. Saviour's churchyard, up three pairs of stairs, which he converted into a dissecting-room, where he taught practical anatomy. This attempt was very successful, and, to the best of my recollection, he began his course with about thirty pupils; and at the end of the course he felt himself sufficiently strong to open an anatomical school of his own in the following autumn in Webb Street, close adjoining the hospitals, in a building which had been, I think, a Roman Catholic chapel, but had not sufficient means to sustain itself. Here he commenced with about as many pupils as he had at first, but this class soon increased from another cause, independent of his own talent and industry. The resurrection men had been, at least from my entrance into the profession, always endeavouring to screw more money out of the teachers, either as a bonus, or by striving to obtain a larger price for subjects, and notwithstanding the existence of the

Anatomical Club, which had been formed to protect the teachers from these knaves by fixing the prices they would pay for subjects; but this agreement was not always faithfully kept. These worthies, on the establishment of Grainger's school, quickly found out that they could use it as a powerful means of bringing not only the St. Thomas's but also the St. Bartholomew's anatomical teachers more under their control than ever before. Their plan was to come to these teachers at the beginning of the season to make their terms, which generally consisted of a sum of forty or fifty pounds to the head man of the party and a certain price above that of the former season—four guineas a subject; and till their terms were acceded to they would not bring any subjects to St. Thomas's for three or four weeks, but instead took them to Webb Street, and well supplied that school, the consequence of which was that many of our students who were anxious not to delay their work migrated to Webb Street; and this proceeding, carried on for some years, was a material ingredient in the successful establishment of Grainger's anatomical school. Grainger's success in his first season encouraged him so much that he

determined on building a theatre and establishing a medical school, and embarking in decided opposition to the joint school of St. Thomas's and Guy's. In doing this he had the assistance of Dr. Armstrong of Newcastle, who had become very celebrated for his treatment of typhus fever, which for two or three years about that time raged with great severity over the greater part of the kingdom, and which consisted almost entirely in bleeding. A large number of the profession were caught by this strange treatment, but Dr. Clutterbuck was almost the only physician of any repute who also advocated it.

The dispute between those who bled and those who did not bleed was very fierce, and carried on for a few years, but it ceased soon after the death of its original propounder, and after probably as many (or more) medical murders had been committed than from any other treatment in modern times.

The able chemist, Richard Phillips, a very droll fellow, who had severely criticised the College of Physicians' Pharmacopœia of 1811, and afterwards was intrusted with the chemical part of the edition of 1836, was also a teacher at Webb Street. The

other teachers I do not recollect; but I do remember that no attempt was made to rival Astley Cooper, and the Webb Street students came to his lectures on surgery.

Edward Grainger's success as an anatomical teacher was deservedly very great, as he was a very able and assiduous practical instructor, and devoted his whole time to his pupils, who within a few years after his establishment became a very large class; but his constant toil broke up his health, and he died of consumption, having passed the best years of his life in teaching, with great reputation, deeply regretted by all who knew him.

Edward was succeeded by his brother, Richard Dugard Grainger, who had been associated with him for a year or two before his death. Richard was a very different man from his brother, and not the same decided character. He had been originally intended for the army, and had been partially brought up at the Woolwich academy, but his brother's success had led him to enter our profession.

At length the Webb Street school having shown for some time a disposition to fall off, and that of

St. Thomas's being much in the same condition, it was thought that, if Richard Grainger could be induced to undertake the physiogical part of the anatomical lectures, St. Thomas's might be able to compete more satisfactorily with the flourishing school at Guy's Hospital, which had begun under very favourable circumstances at first, principally through Astley Cooper's exertions for its establishment and nominal participation in its working, and which has always been well sustained by the able teachers it has had the good fortune to select. Richard Grainger's connection with St. Thomas's school, excepting the few pupils whom he brought with him, did not materially improve its condition. He was a kind, serious and cheerful man, and active beyond his strength; and for many years before his death had been a great invalid, and not unfrequently compelled to intermit his lectures. Few men were more beloved or more deeply regretted than he was.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PHYSICIANS OF ST. THOMAS'S AND THE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT IN 1817.

IN May 1817 I became physicians' pupil at St. Thomas's. The physicians at that time were Dr. Lister, Dr. Wells and Dr. G. G. Currey, the assistant physician was Dr. Williams, four men as utterly unlike as possible, from all of whom I received the greatest kindness, and with the greater number of whom I was on intimate terms.

From the circumstance of Dr. Lister's close intimacy with the Clines it was not unnatural that I should attach myself more closely to him. He had been physician to the hospital for many years, and, during the time that Dr. Saunders lectured on practice of medicine at Guy's Hospital, some arrangements were made for Lister to join him in lecturing. He accordingly gave a few lectures, but he was not acceptable to the pupils, and the arrangement was broken off. Lister's friends always asserted he was ill-treated ; but I have no

knowledge of the facts. I can however easily believe that Lister would not have become a pleasant teacher, though he was a very excellent and intelligent physician; but he was very staid and quiet in his manner, not much inclined to talk beyond what was absolutely necessary, and not very often indulging in a smile, and with the very few pupils he had his manners were very frigid. He bled or cupped, as was the case with most physicians of that time, pretty freely, but his prescriptions at the hospital at least were not very varied—calomel and antimonial powder followed by senna and salts; conium and ipecacuanha for pulmonary affections; cream of tartar almost invariably for dropsy, and occasionally elaterium. Fever was treated in the simplest manner, and ague with decoction of bark. A little porter was now and then, though rarely, ordered; and wine or spirits of any kind I scarcely remember being ordered.

Dr. Wells was a very remarkable person in every respect; he had been born and brought up at Boston, U.S., whilst America was a British dependency, and his family were loyalists; of his early life he has given an account in his autobiography. He was a tall, thin, scraggy personage, with long

legs and arms, which he scarcely knew what to do with ; and he wore a brown scratch wig, which was never in place.

The habit and the law of the hospital was that each physician and colleague surgeon should go round at the same time, so that, should circumstances arise requiring a consultation between them on any of their cases, which were distributed indifferently in the same ward, they might more conveniently meet. As each attended to their own patients, it not unfrequently happened that either physician or surgeon had visited his patients, and had passed on to the next ward. Such an occurrence happened when Dr. Wells and his colleague Mr. Birch were going round ; the latter had gone from Henry into Isaac ward, and the former was proceeding in his usual stiff manner through the operating theatre, which intervened between the two wards, when one of Birch's dressers, who had been delayed, in running quickly, without looking, to overtake his surgeon, ran against Wells, and almost pushed him down. This excited the doctor's fierce wrath ; he insisted that the pupil had run against him purposely, would take no apology, but swore he would never go round with Birch

again. He never did; and, as the practice of the double visit being made at the same time was really very inconvenient, and of very little practical utility, it from this time gradually subsided; and, instead of consultation, it became the practice for the physician or surgeon to request his colleague to see any particular case, which generally resulted in the case being turned over to his care.

As a man of science, Dr. Wells had good reputation among the clever men of his day, and his celebrated essay on Dew is too well known to require panegyric.

The other physician, Dr. G. G. Currey, was a very kind, gentle person, who was very attentive to the patients, and a good practitioner. He had been very anxious to give medical lectures at St. Thomas's, but had never succeeded in obtaining permission from the Treasurer, as it was thought best that there should not be any interference with the long-existing arrangement by which the medical lectures were given at Guy's Hospital. Dr. Currey however, very rightly judging that professional character was to be not only maintained but improved by lecturing, determined to strive to obtain an independent medical class, if he were not

permitted to lecture in the hospital, and in so doing he had the example of the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce,* formerly one of the physicians of St. Thomas's, who had lectured privately at his own house. Currey therefore commenced giving lectures on the theory and practice of medicine, and on materia medica and botany, in the Protestant Dissenters' schoolroom in Maze Pond, and continued lecturing there till he died in 1823. He was an average teacher, and took much pains; but he never succeeded in obtaining more than a dozen or fourteen pupils, for the old arrangements were too firmly fixed to be shaken.

The assistant physician, Dr. Williams, was a quiet, gentleman-like, well-educated, but very indolent man, who took everything very easy. The prescriptions were all of very simple character, and, as he had then only the care of the out-patients, he had seldom very important cases to treat; for, if such occurred, they were usually sent into the

* George Fordyce, M.D., F.R.S. (b. 1736, d. 1802), one of a famous Scotch family in the last century, settled in London in 1759, and was the first to begin the practice of giving private lectures in medicine; in this way he made so great a reputation that in 1770 he was chosen physician to St. Thomas's against a competitor of great influence.

hospital and placed under the care of one of the physicians, so that his charge of them ceased.

After the weekly taking-in, as it was called, every Thursday morning at ten o'clock, the surgeon who took in waited till his patients were warded, and then went round to prescribe for them. No history of their case was taken, but the diet was marked on the ticket, and usually also a dose of house physic, and in very few instances the small quantity of medicine thought needful was also noted on the ticket. All the other orders were given verbally to the dresser and to the sister of the ward. The more industrious dressers kept notes of all or most of their cases, according to their own fancy, but in very few cases were such notes expected or required. Mr. Travers had indeed, very soon after his appointment as surgeon, established a clinical clerkship, and had the good fortune to have for his first Mr. Harrison of Dublin, who subsequently became the celebrated anatomical teacher at Trinity College, Dublin, and was a most industrious and intelligent pupil. He was followed by another very earnest and clever student, Charles Heiniken, who was a most deservedly popular fellow; but soon after his studentship he was attacked with

pulmonary disease, and obliged to go to Madeira which however suited him so well that he lived and practised there for some years, till his old enemy cut him off at last.

The physicians however acted in a very different manner. The cases assigned to the physician of the day were retained in the admission room, excepting that very rarely severe cases were at once sent up to bed. Adjoining was a little room to which the physician and his pupils resorted; and, having seated themselves at a desk, the patients were admitted, their cases inquired into, and their history and more important symptoms dictated to the pupils in Latin as the physician entered them in his own case-book. The Latin generally was not first-class, with the exception of that of Dr. Wells, who was a good classic and dictated with great fluency and propriety; he however was not unfrequently puzzled to find out a Latin equivalent for an English occupation, and then in a fury would bellow out "Faber Londinensis," which of course included a very wide margin. The inquiry into the cases was made very carefully and closely, and occupied from two to three hours, and though the clinical remarks vouchsafed were few, and we generally

had a dread of asking questions, for fear of being snubbed, yet still it was a very excellent mode of learning how the examination into the circumstances of either a medical or surgical case should be carried out. The subsequent treatment of the case was carried on in the wards.

Each surgeon and his colleague physician went round the house twice a week on fixed days, the formerly presumedly at twelve, and the latter at one o'clock. The physicians were more punctual than the surgeons, whose pupils, according to their liking of the surgeon of the day, waited his arrival in the square or about the surgery door, some in quiet conversation, and not a few in horse-play, which, for no special reason I can make out, has appeared to me, after fifty years' observation, to be a material condition of surgical pupilage.

On the surgeon's arrival the fun ceased, quiet succeeded, and as he approached respectful greetings took place between each. The visit then commenced, the surgeon being immediately attended by his dressers, whose dignity was indicated by each carrying a tin plaister box, in shape not unlike a table-knife box ; the other pupils followed as they might, pushing and elbowing each other

that they might get the nearest place to the surgeon and the patient's bed, so as to hear the remarks of the former, which generally were very few (unless particularly asked for by some attentive and intelligent pupil); but, on account of the crowd, the case could be seen by very few. Immediately on entering the ward the surgeon in those days and long after took off his hat, and every one followed his example and remained uncovered; subsequently however this acknowledgment of the sanctity of the ward, let alone the respect to the surgeon, has almost ceased. The time occupied in going round the house was from an hour and a-half to three-quarters, some of the surgeons proceeding more quickly than others; of course also the number of severe cases which required and received special attention caused a greater or less lengthened visit. The surgeons generally themselves performed the first dressings of operations, or superintended whilst they were made, and directed or corrected the mechanical apparatus used for accidents, but afterwards the cases were confided almost entirely to the dressers, according as their surgeon considered them trustworthy. Of medicine little was prescribed beyond

a calomel pill and house physic or castor oil, opium or Dover's powder; and if the surgeon fancied there were any medical symptoms, the physician or the apothecary was requested to see the patient; this now and then led to ugly consequences, as happened in one case in which the doctor, having been desired to see a case of compound fracture labouring under irritative fever, purged the patient—may I say?—so effectually with senna and salts that he did not recover. Our admission day for patients, or "taking-in day," was Thursday, at ten o'clock, as I had occasion to mention before.* Every applicant went to the steward's office and asked for a petition, upon which there was written his or her name and age, and if a surgical case the presumed ailment, which in a very large proportion, specially in winter time, was "bad leg;" but if a medical case was almost invariably set down as "inward complaint." No commendation from a Governor was, nor is at the present time, required, the severity of the case, with but very few exceptions, ensuring preference. Having received his or her petition, the bearer proceeded to the male or female admission room, and there waited the arrival of the

* p. 25.

physician and surgeon, who took charge of so many of the patients as they had empty beds to receive, whilst the remaining empty beds of the other physicians and surgeons were filled by the other cases. A physician and surgeon attended successively every Thursday to select the proper cases, and before going into the taking-in room were furnished from the steward's office with the number of beds which they had empty in each ward, and also of the empty beds of the other physicians and surgeons. The physician filled all the empty medical beds; but the surgeon, on the contrary, filled only a portion of his, the remainder being set aside for such accidents as might need admission in the coming week, which were his cases so long as he had room for them. If he had not room he occasionally borrowed an empty bed from a colleague, or had to give up the case to him, a proceeding which often set the dressers at loggerheads, and sometimes their masters also. The petitions of the most severe cases were marked thus: "HC, HC, HC," of the second class "HC, HC," and of the least important "HC." These were then collected and taken to the steward, who assigned to each his or her ward. When admitted each

patient had to provide security for finding clean clothing, and in case of death for taking away the corpse, and paying a guinea for the interment in the hospital burial-ground in Snow's Fields. No other payment was required or made, except in two cases. If pauper patients were sent in by any parish, that parish was required to pay so much a week—I think ninepence—for washing. And if the Sick and Hurt Office sent any ailing soldier or sailor the Government were charged a certain sum a week.

Cases of strangulated hernia, retention of urine, and all fractures or other accidents, were admitted at the discretion of the dresser, of whom one attached to the surgeon of the week resided entirely in the hospital at his own expense, a sitting and bedroom only being provided for him; and he was generally accompanied by another dresser with whom he was friendly. Upon the dresser in charge was also the responsibility of sending for his surgeon when he considered it necessary. That the patients were kindly, carefully and efficiently treated by the dressers as a rule I most unhesitatingly assert, and I am by no means sure that the more recent addition of house surgeons, who are

set over the dressers to help them and direct them till the surgeon's arrival, is of so great advantage as is assumed. For there always used to be in the earlier part of my professional career no lack of well-informed past or present dressers who were always ready to help a junior, and to whom the juniors never hesitated to resort. There were, to be sure, now and then—as there are now doubtless—a few ignorant, conceited and negligent young men to whom the important duties of dresser were entrusted, but it was very rarely they escaped their desert for ignorance or negligence—from the surgeon not more than from their fellow pupils, who generally had a just estimate of their conduct, and did not fail to note it.

I have said before* that operation day, saving for accidents and urgent cases, which were attended to at once, was Friday, at both St. Thomas's and Guy's—at the former the fixed hour was twelve, at the latter at one o'clock. This was a very inconvenient arrangement, for if there were many operations at St. Thomas's, those at Guy's were generally delayed, as the St. Thomas's surgeons usually went over after having done their own work, and their

* p. 27.

arrival was most commonly waited for by the surgeon about to operate.

The operating theatre at each hospital was of utterly inadequate size for the number of pupils who congregated, as the pupils of either hospital had by agreement the right of attending both. At St. Thomas's we had two theatres—one for the males and the other for the females—but both were small, and in the females' ward there were also two or three beds, from which the patients were removed during operation time. This latter was found to be so inconvenient that at last a new theatre was built over St. Thomas's church adjoining—a rather odd locality for such a purpose; but there was not at that time so much due reverence paid to ecclesiastical buildings as now. Guy's Hospital had but one operating theatre, which was much larger than ours, but equally inadequate for the accommodation of the number of pupils.

The general arrangement of all the theatres was the same, a semicircular floor and rows of semicircular standings, rising above one another to the large skylight which lighted the theatre. On the floor the surgeon operating, with his dressers, the surgeons and apprentices of both hospitals, and the

visitors, stood about the table, upon which the patient lay, and so placed that the best possible view of what was going on was given to all present. The floor was separated by a partition from the rising stand-places, the first two rows of which were occupied by the other dressers, and behind a second partition stood the pupils, packed like herrings in a barrel, but not so quiet, as those behind were continually pressing on those before, often so severely that several could not bear the pressure, and were continually struggling to relieve themselves of it, and had not unfrequently to be got out exhausted. There was also a continual calling out of "Heads, heads," to those about the table, whose heads interfered with the sightseers, with various appellatives, in a small way resembling the calls at the Sheldonian Theatre during Commemoration. The confusion and crushing was indeed at all times very great, especially when any operation of importance was to be performed, and I have often known even the floor so crowded that the surgeon could not operate till it had been partially cleared. After our operations were over, the students rushed down two flights of stairs and across the street to Guy's, to rush up as many stairs and repeat the same

scrambling for places and confusion as before. With all this struggling for the best places, it was very rarely any quarrelling occurred ; every one seemed to consider he must put up with the pushing and squeezing if he could only contrive to get a glimpse of what was going on ; but the majority had to draw largely upon their imaginations of what they fancied they saw. Of course the importance of the operation and the reputation of the operator had large influence on the number of spectators ; and their violent scrambling efforts to gain entrance into the theatre, and their distribution in their proper places often led to severe contests and even fighting with the hospital servants to whom this duty was assigned.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST STEPS OF PROGRESS: 1819–1822.

THE Court of Examiners permitting hospital apprentices to come up for the diploma of membership six months before the expiration of their six years' term, I took care to avail myself of this permission, and appeared as a candidate on August 6, 1819, in the presidency of Sir David Dundas, Bart. The court was then divided into tables, at each of which two examiners sat, one of whom tested the candidate's knowledge of anatomy, and the other that of surgery. It fell to my lot to be placed at the table where sat Sir William Blizard and Sir Everard Home; the former commenced by examining me on anatomy; but, though he made himself as kind and gentle as he could, I was so utterly confounded that I could not answer the very simple questions he put to me, though of course I knew them quite well. The first was:

"Well, sir, what are the regions of the abdomen?" I puzzled and puzzled in vain, and finished by replying: "I did not know; I had never heard of them." "Oh, yes, you must!" said Sir William; but I persisted, and said: "They are not taught at our school." This of course Sir William could not assent to, and was continuing to press me rather angrily, when Sir Everard Home broke in with: "Pooh, pooh, Sir William! what's the use of asking such foolish questions? They don't teach such things nowadays." "Then, Sir Everard, I am sure they ought," was the reply to him; and, turning to me, Sir William said sharply: "Well sir, where's the epigastric?" which set me fairly going; and my examination on the abdominal viscera went on pleasantly enough till we got to the colon, of which I was desired to mention the peculiar characters. Having mentioned their large size, appendices, and peculiar disposition and shortness of their muscular fibres, which threw the tube into "pouches," Sir William pulled me up with: "Pouches, indeed!" "Well, sacs," I replied. "Sacs, indeed!" was the rejoinder. "Have you no classical name for them?" "None that I have ever heard of," said I; "we always call them sacs or pouches at our school."

"Well, sir, they are called sacculi;" and so sacculi I agreed to call them, and my anatomical examination soon concluded satisfactorily, though Sir William would doubtless have plucked me had he not known whose apprentice I was, and that it was not likely I was so grossly ignorant. My surgical examination by Sir Everard Home was very trivial, gone through very pleasantly; and I left the room till the other candidates had been examined, when those who had passed were called up before the court, sworn in, exhorted, and paid the admission fee of twenty guineas; in addition to which, as I was to practise in London, I had also to pay the further sum of ten guineas, which had been for many years the additional honour of London practitioners, but was this evening taken for the last time, as the Council had recently determined that the special fine should cease.

After becoming a member I continued to stick close to the dissecting-room and museum, helping the younger pupils and still dissecting for lecture and taking care of the museum, where I had long worked incessantly, and put up almost all the preparations, arranged them in subjects, and catalogued them

On May 27, 1820, my dear friend and former master, Henry Cline, died at his father's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields of phthisis, with which he had for many years been battling; and this caused a vacant surgeonship at St. Thomas's Hospital. His cousin Joseph Henry Green was fully expected to fill up this. He was ill at Brighton at the time; I was there also, but we soon returned, and a brisk but really nominal canvass was continued till the day of election, June 14, when Green became junior surgeon. Several of the other hospital apprentices sent in their humble petition to the Governors to be chosen their surgeon, I among the number; but it was a mere matter of form, except with one very old apprentice who would go to the ballot and polled *one* vote.

My friend Green was now both lecturer on anatomy and surgeon to the hospital; and it was mainly through his aid and his good opinion of me that at last I began to reap the fruit of my hard work in the dissecting-room and museum. On December 14, 1820, I was appointed by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Green "Conservator of the Museum and Assisting Demonstrator," at a salary of £100 a year, for three years, for which I was to attend

in the dissecting-room daily (Sundays excepted) during the season from ten till four o'clock p.m., to instruct the pupils in dissecting, to examine them, and to assist them in making preparations, besides taking care of the museum, making preparations for it, &c.

Early in the following year I left my dear father's house and took a first floor over a cork shop in St. Thomas's Street, with a private door, to which I attached a small brass plate with my name engraved thereon. I was now fairly afloat; I stuck to the dissecting-room all day, and once or twice a week had tea-drinkings and examinations of the pupils.

Throughout this time I had worked very hard; I was in the dissecting-room almost invariably six or seven hours a day, and in the evenings occupied myself with examining the pupils, or sitting up very late at night, writing and drinking half a score cups of tea, and was not aware of any inconvenience or indisposition, or inability to pursue the same course, as work was not toil to me. However, very unexpectedly I was brought to a stand by the commencement of an illness which kept me out of health, though it only

occasionally, for longer or shorter time, kept me entirely from work.

On the evening of March 21, 1822, I had gone to bed rather earlier than usual, and had been asleep, I presume, about an hour, when I was aroused by seeing over me a gigantic hand and dagger held over my chest. Everything else in the room I saw distinctly as it really was—the night-light which was burning in the fireplace showed the white hangings of the bed, and the chest of drawers opposite the bed-foot. As might be supposed, I was horribly terrified, as I was lying on my back, and utterly incapable of moving so as to escape from the object of my alarm. At last, however, I managed to change my position, the spectre ceased, and at the same time I threw up a mouthful of the most acid fluid, which I can only compare to vitriol. I was very much agitated for some time; but the assistant apothecary of the hospital, for whom I sent, gave me some medicine, and I became more comfortable. Next morning, however, I was very ill, had a cobwebby sensation over the left side of my face, and a most curious feeling about the hinder upper part of the left parietal bone, as if my brain were being continually

scratched with finger-nails, in a space about as big as a crown piece. I do not recollect whether I had any headache or what the state of my pulse was, but Dr. Cholmeley, who soon came to me, ordered me to be cupped on the scalp and blistered, and I think I was also cupped on the nape two or three times in the course of a few days, and blistered, besides taking calomel and antimony, but not to produce ptyalism. In the course of the week the scratching sensation was relieved, but did not subside. I was soon after attacked with numbness, first of one leg and foot, and then of the other, so that I seemed at these times to be walking with my foot in a pillow. My hands would also become alternately numb in like manner, and in the space between the right thumb and forefinger I had the sensation of a very hot iron resting on it, which sometimes was positively painful. Excepting the scratching in my brain, which continued for some weeks incessant, and more or less severe, and the cobwebby feeling, which was not constant, but always restricted to the left side of my face, the numbness in my feet and hands alternated in a very strange manner. Sometimes my foot on one side alone was numb;

sometimes the hand on the same side would be numb at the same time, or would be numb alone; at other times my right hand and my left foot would become numb, and then again the left hand and the right foot; and these sensations would last a day or two, but without any regularity. But the most persistent was the burning sensation, which was always confined to the right hand. These sensations, at very uncertain periods, continued with me for many years, and were always attendant on any digestive derangement. There was, however, only this exception, that the scratching subsided entirely after two or three years. The severity of this first attack began to diminish about three weeks or a month from its onset, and at the end of six weeks it was thought advisable I should go into the country, and the day was fixed; but on the previous evening, as I was quietly lying reading on the sofa, I was suddenly seized with violent palpitation of my heart, which, being the first time I had felt it, terrified me so much and was so distressing that I thought I was about to die immediately. The choking sensation and the violent irregularity of my heart, as if it were being

wrung out of place, was most terrific, though I had often witnessed the same condition in my dear father, who for years had been subject to palpitations, always accompanied with severe and continued eructation for two, three, or more hours. After an hour or two the severity of the attack subsided, but my pulse was very irregular, and for two or three days the least exertion, such as merely walking across the room, brought on the palpitation, and for some time I was obliged to lay hold of chairs or anything else at hand, as I had a terrible dread of falling to the ground.

At the end of April I had so far recovered that I went to Whaddon, in Buckinghamshire, to stay with an old schoolfellow who was curate there. The parsonage was a small house recently built, large enough only for a bachelor and his friend, but very charmingly situated on the edge of Whaddon Chase, and adjoining the grounds of Whaddon Hall, the residence of Mr. Selby Lowndes, who was then one of the Members for the county. Here, with my kind friend's best attention, and pottering about as I chose—sometimes walking, sometimes riding — my health

slowly improved; but the palpitations did not cease, although they became less severe. But with reference to them was a circumstance which I could not explain. Whilst I was on horseback, and trotting about, I had not any palpitation, and felt tolerably well; but directly I put my foot to the ground the palpitation recurred. On one occasion this was very strikingly shown. There was to be a yeomanry review by the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe Park, a distance of about a dozen miles from Whaddon. We got up early, and rode over on horseback. After baiting our horses, we mounted again, and so continued through a broiling hot day. After refreshing ourselves and our beasts, we rode back, and got home late in the evening. Through the whole day I had been free from palpitation, but it came on again when I left the saddle.

I cannot forget, though so long since, the delightful music of the nightingales, which literally swarmed the trees upon the chase; so soon as the sun was going down they began, and, as it would seem, striving to excel each other, produced a loud and most melodious concert, which continued far into the night. "Most musical" indeed were their

sweet voices, but I cannot agree with Milton, "most melancholy."

Whilst here I was much struck with the doings of a favourite horse of my friend's. There was a little paddock, with a swing-gate on lifting hinges in the tall hedge which separated it from the chace. On the other side of the paddock was the stable, the door of which had a thumb-latch, and on either side of the door an ordinary stable window high up. During the day the horse was generally turned into the paddock, and several times, when tired of his confinement, he lifted off the gate with his teeth, threw it down, and sallied out to disport himself on the chace; of course after this had occurred a few times the gate was altered so that this feat could not be performed. On other occasions, when teased by the heat or flies, he would go to the stable door, place his nose on the thumb-latch, press it down, open the door and walk in. When this manœuvre had been found out and prevented by locking the door, the horse made another attempt to get in by breaking the window on the side next the latch with his nose, with the probable expectation of being able to get at the latch on the inside. This however he did not effect. I

think there can be little doubt that the animal had reasoned the premises out satisfactorily to himself, only he had forgotten his head was too big to pass through the window, and so he was nonplussed.

Two other amusing incidents occurred whilst I was staying here. I used to accompany my curate friend to the Sunday-school for an hour or so before going in to afternoon service. On my first visit, as we entered, we of course attracted the attention of the schoolmaster, who was also clerk, and who made his due salutation. The little clod-poles also rose, but, forgetting to make their proper reverences, the master bawled out: "Jerk yer 'eads, boys; jerk yer 'eads! Why don't ye jerk yer 'eads, I say?" Of course every head jerked forthwith—a variety of curious contortions.

A neighbouring elderly clergyman, very intelligent and a clever antiquary, who had been an ally of the celebrated Browne Willis,* often came to see us or we went to see him. He was a very bright,

* It seems likely that my worthy uncle's memory has played him false here: the gentleman in question had died at an advanced age more than sixty years before, in 1760. Browne Willis was D.C.L. of Christchurch, Oxford, and the writer of many learned and valuable antiquarian works.

pleasant man, brimful of information, very fond of young people, with whom he conversed very agreeably. He was very kind to his poor parishioners, and physicked all his immediate neighbourhood to their mutual satisfaction. In short he was in those parts a sort of Sir George Lee of Hartwell, whose amateur medical knowledge was highly esteemed in the county.

Our friend was, however, a very absent person, and this bad habit was apt to show itself where it was most inexcusable. In doing duty at his church * he rarely got through the service without mistakes, and on one occasion the following happened. Mr.—— gave out the wrong psalms, upon which his clerk turned round and said gently, "Yer wrang, sir;" the first lesson given out was incorrect, upon which "Wrang again, sir," was called out louder; but when the second lesson was

* The service at Whaddon Church itself does not seem to have been much better, judging by the following extract from a letter to his father, dated May 19, 1822. "The singing at Whaddon Church has been detestable—worse than any I ever heard; and yet they presume to scream out in a gallery bearing this superscription: 'Sing ye praises with understanding.' This is certainly far beyond their comprehension, or at least, if they do know what it means, they choose not to follow its advice."

given out, the clerk's anger knew no bounds, and he called out "Wrang again; dang it, I won't stand it!" and, leaving his desk, walked down and seated himself at the bottom of the church. Of course his clerkship came to an end, but "Amen" considered himself the aggrieved party, for in course of the week he said to a friend that "he sud na mind becoming clerk again if Mr.—— wad only make him an apology."

Either about this time or on some other occasion when I visited Whaddon, I became acquainted with a general practitioner, who lived some three or four miles off a village of which he was parish doctor. In those days the appointment was annual, and made, like other parochial appointments, on Easter Tuesday by the inhabitants in vestry assembled. My friend had for several years physicked the folk and done all other matters pertaining to his office at a salary of £30 which did not over-pay him. But a young doctor set up in the neighbourhood, and when Easter Tuesday recurred he sent in a tender to do the work for £20, and was accordingly appointed parish doctor. My friend was naturally not a little nettled, and, determining not to be outdone in liberality, at the succeeding Easter he

tendered to do the business for £10, and was elected accordingly by the farmers of the parish. Whether in the following year the other general practitioner undertook the care of the parish free, gratis, for nothing, I do not know, as my communication with the neighbourhood ceased in a very few years.

I mention this instance of dishonourable and profitless professional underselling, which came within my own knowledge, not as anything unusual at the time to which I refer, for it was of very common occurrence; and through their knowledge of such circumstances it was that, very soon after the coming into action of the New Poor Law, the guardians and commissioners put the screw on the parish doctors, and allowed only such salaries to them as were alike discreditable to the givers and receivers; and if the doctor remonstrated and hesitated, he was answered: "Very well, do not have it; we can easily find a man who will agree to our terms;" and frequently their threat was carried out, and another young person just fresh from the hospital, and perhaps dubbed with a Scotch degree, to make him more imposing, was introduced to share in the medical

profits of a neighbourhood which had provided a poor pittance only to the one practitioner, who often laboured harder for his daily bread than the stone-breaker on the road. The system of medical relief to the poor and of payment to the parochial doctor is not so disgraceful now as it was then; but, as a general rule, I know no class of men who are so ill-recompensed for their toilsome life, and for whom less allowance is made by the public in their rare neglect of their public duties.

CHAPTER VIII.

APPOINTED DEMONSTRATOR OF ANATOMY: 1823.

ON Monday, February 10, 1823, Key sent across the street for me in the morning and told me he was about resigning the demonstratorship that day, as it occupied more time than was convenient to him in the pursuit of practice; that he had told Green last Saturday of his intention, and that he had sent for me to give me the earliest information, that I might make the best use of it I could. Of course I felt very thankful to him for this very kind and quite unexpected information, and in course of the morning called on Green, told him of my intention to offer myself as a candidate for the demonstratorship, and recalled his promise to me when I was appointed assistant in 1820. As I fully expected, he kindly promised to do all he could for me, but said that there might be some difficulty about the arrangement, as Sir Astley Cooper had spoken to him about Bransby, to whom

in the evening I wrote. After surgical lecture I spoke to Sir Astley, but he was rather shy, and said he would talk about it with me to-morrow.

Next day I saw Green, who told me that, having seen Sir Astley upon the business, it was proposed that I should have the demonstratorship jointly with Bransby Cooper, but that if I objected he would support me as sole demonstrator, as he thought I had the greater claim, which was my own opinion, for I had worked very hard and perseveringly, although my health had been bad for months past, and was not much better now. I did not however take long to decide, for Bransby and I had always been good friends; and, as I was well aware that the appointment was equally important to him as it was to me, I made no further objection, and after anatomical lecture it was arranged between us all that I and Bransby were to become joint demonstrators, I, however, still retaining my former salary. Next day Bransby and I met to arrange our plans, and he told me that it was his uncle's wish that I should begin next Saturday. And so at last, thank God! after many years of hard work I made my place.

On the 15th, at 11 a.m., I made my appearance

in the demonstration theatre, which was very full, and I was very kindly and warmly greeted. I was very timid and much excited; I read a very short prologue which I had written,* and then

* This is preserved among the papers, and runs thus:—

"Gents,—It is not without much fear, which is, I confess, mingled with pleasure, that I present myself before you in my new situation this morning, called upon most unexpectedly to fill a high and important station in this school. I cannot but notice the disadvantages under which my colleague and myself labour, in becoming the successors of one whose capabilities in teaching are so well and so justly appreciated by you. We come here, novices in the art of public speaking, and with the certainty that many of you, at this advanced period of the season, must be nearly as well acquainted with the subjects on which we are to treat as ourselves; and we come to resume these demonstrations not on a plan of our own, for we are of necessity required to continue the views of our predecessor, in preference to the fatigue of dragging you again over dry bones. I would not wish to be understood as finding fault with the previous arrangement; but you must be well aware it is a difficult matter to take up the views of another and do them the justice they deserve. The time also allowed me has been but short, for it was but last Monday morning that Mr. Key sent for me, and informed me that it was his intention to retire, for reasons which I believe he has stated here, and it was not till the evening of the next day that the appointment was made.

"For ourselves, we promise to do our utmost to merit your attention and good opinion. I myself do not come before you as a total stranger, and I hope that the kindness you have shown me elsewhere will not fail me here, as I am sure that, were I ever so well qualified, I should need more particularly on this occasion your countenance and support.

began to demonstrate—on what subject I do not remember—but the whole came to conclusion in

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In short, I do not know how I can ask your indulgence better than in the words of the players in Hamlet—

> 'Here stooping to your clemency,
> We beg your hearing patiently.'

"I would beg to say a few words on the pursuits in which we are engaged. They are of the highest importance both to ourselves and the public. Our fellow men repose in us the highest confidence; they place in our hands the highest pledge that they can give, their lives, and it is our duty to act so as not to do what is worse than playing with them. Negligence in other professions may be excused, but in ours it is criminal in the highest degree; before a higher tribunal than that of man's opinion, which however is by no means to be despised, must we answer, if through our carelessness or ignorance, for instance, the life of a father be lost to his family. To prevent this we must strive to the utmost of our power to make ourselves acquainted with our profession, which is always honourable if practised with judgment and humanity, and this cannot be done but by patient and constant exertion. To use the language of an eloquent and excellent man: 'There is no short cut, no royal road to knowledge in our profession; we must be companions with the dead and familiar with corruption;' and, I would add, our days must be spent in the murky air of the dissecting-room, and our nights in meditation on what we have there been contemplating. These, and these only, are the means by which we can gain professional character; and if we pursue them we shall not only obtain the esteem and reputation with the world, which we shall justly deserve, but that best reward of all, the consciousness of having done our duty, and of not letting our talent lie buried in the earth, which will be a source of never-failing happiness to us when, in the evening of our days, we look back upon a well-spent life."

half an hour, for the excitement had brought on indistinct vision, and I was obliged to leave off almost suddenly, as I could scarcely see one thing from another with my left eye, and this did not completely pass off for an hour or two.

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PART II.

CONTINUATION OF LIFE UP TO JANUARY 1882.

FOR what remains of interest in my uncle's life, as it rests with me to tell it, little more than a mere statement of facts must be expected.

His own account of the early days of his career left him on the first rung of the ladder. In 1823, as we have seen,* he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy at the hospital, having already become the proud possessor of a brass door-plate, symbol of private practice and independence. It was about this time that the deep attachment was formed with Miss. F. Whitfield, daughter of the resident medical officer at St. Thomas's, the non-completion of which saddened all his life for a very long while. Her father was opposed to the match, and for long withheld his consent; and, so consuming was their affection for one another, that when at last he yielded it was too late. The stress of disappointment and hope deferred had told

* p. 147.

upon her health to such an extent that, before they could be married, the poor lady died. This blow quite stunned Mr. South, and it was many years before he recovered from it. His diary at this time contains constant complaints of apathy and listlessness, which tainted all his actions, even his prayers. It was then that he formed a resolution* to publish once a year a tract upon some religious subject. This resolution he kept so far as to issue the first of the series, which was entitled 'The Church Catechism, with Scripture Proofs;' the second was to have been on Holy Communion, but it does not seem to have reached completion. To one of his eminently devout and earnest temperament such an occupa-

* The following extract from his diary gives the scheme in his own words: "1827, December 15. The first anniversary of my much-loved Fanny's death. . . . My 'Catechism with Scripture Proofs' published to-day, compiled in consequence of my not finding the charity children at Stanstead capable of giving reasons *from Scripture* of what they learnt in their Catechism. Trust it will please God to bless it, as I think I have laboured at it with a sincere wish to instruct the minds of the young. Money not being my object, if anything should be got by it, I purpose it for a monument, a plain slab of marble to my darling's memory, with room for a label for myself. I purpose endeavouring for the future to write yearly some little religious tract of the same kind in support of the Established Church as it now is, and to publish it on *this day*, to mark how deeply it is fixed on my memory; and humbly trust God will bless and assist me in my endeavour."

tion would give the best distraction possible from his gloomy thoughts and dwelling on the irrevocable past. And, besides this, he threw himself with zeal into church work, especially that branch of it which was then springing into notable activity, Sunday schools. This work gave him the intensest pleasure, and was long continued. He was indeed brimming over with Christ-like love for his fellows, and care for their welfare, spiritual and social as well as bodily. The year 1831, important as it was to him in other ways, shows him to advantage in this same light, for during the early months of it he was one of the prime movers in establishing the Surrey Zoological and Botanical Society, which had for its great object the laying-out of those "Surrey Gardens" which, though now deteriorated, were originally meant for the pastime and instruction of the crowded population of South London.

Three other events of importance took place this same year. In March he began his first important professional literary work. This was a translation of Dr. Otto's 'Compendium of Human and Comparative Anatomy,' from the German, with additional notes and references from his own experience. It was completed, and published in October by Fellowes.

Fifty years ago this was a much more novel and bold experiment than it would be considered nowadays. Knowledge of foreign scientific research was then very rare indeed, and Mr. South was one of the earliest pioneers in introducing the works of continental surgeons to their insular *confrères* and showing them their worth. He was indeed in advance of his age in more ways than one, as I hope presently to show; and it is this fact that must be my apology for publishing his comparatively uneventful life. Though his intellect and his genius do not entitle him to a place among the very first men of his age, yet surely the faculty he possessed of more keenly perceiving men's needs, and more vigorously applying himself to their satisfaction than his contemporaries, is a sufficient claim upon the gratitude of us who are reaping the benefit of it. It is one of the fundamental characteristics of true greatness.

To return, however: the next important incident in 1831 in which Mr. South played a prominent part was the presenting of a memorial from the anatomical teachers to the Privy Council for the total abolition of dissection. Mr. Tyrrell was in the chair, and, the proposal being Mr. South's, he,

with Messrs. Grainger and Quain, was appointed to draw up the document. The same three were afterwards sent as a deputation to wait upon Lord Melbourne. The interview was apparently satisfactory. "He received us politely, heard our proposal, and promised to send for us again." There is no subsequent reference to the subject in the diary, but, as the Anatomical Act was passed next year, we may presume that the memorial had at least some effect in bringing about a measure which did so much to reform the shameful practices of the time. This took place during the first half of December, and on the last day of the year occurred the third event to which I alluded, namely, his engagement to Mrs. John Wrench, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Lett, of Dulwich House, Surrey, to whom he was married not long after. Five children were the offspring of this marriage, of whom only two survive him. Mrs. South died in 1864, greatly beloved by her family and friends.

In the spring of the ensuing year the hand of God was heavy upon him in a loss which his own words shall describe: "April 5. At half-past seven mother died; her last look about ten minutes before was fixed steadily on me, and then her eye

wandered, and she saw no more. Such a parent have we lost as few children are blest with; and I trust without presumption we may believe she is in His bosom where sin and sorrow never come, and where she will receive the reward of her patience, humble piety, and firm reliance on His mercy under many and heavy trials. God grant her children may strive to live as she has, and be supported in death like her, so that we may all meet again before the throne of grace!"

Nothing seems to have happened after this till 1837, in which year the little handbook called 'A Description of the Bones,' which had been first published some ten years before and had had a great sale among medical students, was again reissued in a third edition. About the same time vol. i. of St. Thomas's Hospital Reports on Operations was printed, under my uncle's editing. He himself contributed only one case, though that one of considerable technical interest. The scheme was to issue one volume yearly, but the series never got beyond one number under his management.

After this we again pass over a considerable interval till the year 1841. It was then that for a time all his professional hopes were scattered to

the winds. No doubt the ceaseless activity of mind and body which was so characteristic of him had told upon his health; at all events he was taken very ill, and most of the doctors considered him to be in a galloping consumption. Dr. Munk, who was at that time lecturing on morbid anatomy at the hospital, has told me the following facts with regard to his case. It was Dr. Roots who scared him by saying that he was spitting blood from the lungs. One morning Mr. South came running up to Dr. Munk in the hospital, exclaiming that he was sure he was suffering from hæmoptysis. "Look here," said he, and expectorated a clot of blood upon the ground. Dr. Munk at once said: "That's not hæmoptysis; it only comes from the throat." Mr. South would not believe him till the other took him to a mirror and showed him a raw place right at the back of the throat, where the veins were exposed and bleeding. His exclamation on seeing this was, "By George, Munk, you are right! What a fool Roots is; he has ruined all my prospects for life!" Things however were not quite so bad as he anticipated; for although, acting on the advice of those who took a more serious view of his case,

he resigned his lectureship at the hospital on January 16, and shortly afterwards went to live in Blackheath Park, yet his advancement was by no means cut short. Before he finally left his town residence he was (rather to his surprise, I believe) elected a member of the Council of the College of Surgeons on March 3, Mr. Guthrie being president; and at the hospital they appointed him surgeon in room of Mr. Travers on July 28; "for which indeed," he says, "I am very thankful, and trust I may be blessed in the fulfilment of my duty by Him who has hitherto mercifully carried me through much trouble, labour, and anxiety, to this great object of my wishes."

The comparative quiet of his new abode and the healthiness of its climate seems to have had a very beneficial effect upon him, and rendered him fit for new duties and undertakings. In the summer of 1843, he was made surgeon to the Female Orphan Asylum, which was then situated in the Westminster Road, but has since been removed to the splendid old mansion at Beddington, once the seat of the Carewe family. The granting of a new Charter to the Royal College of Surgeons, which was effected September 27 of this same year, gave

another occasion for fresh honour to be paid him, he being one of those gentlemen who were made Honorary Fellows of the College to commemorate the event.

February 14, the day set apart by the church as the festival of the obscure St. Valentine, and by those on amorous thoughts intent inseparably connected with the choice of sweethearts for the ensuing year, is for the brotherhood of surgeons sacred to the memory of the great John Hunter; on that day, which is the anniversary of his birth, one of their number is yearly elected to deliver the Hunterian oration; this was founded in honour of surgery and in memory of those practitioners by whose labours the science has been advanced, and of John Hunter in particular. In 1844 this office fell to the lot of Mr. South, who shall tell the tale in his own words: "Up early and hard at work. Only finished the principal part of oration, with an unsatisfactory beginning; obliged to trust to an extempore for some part. Went up in a glass coach, took Annie (his wife) and Dolly and Dick and finished as we went along in a manner. At Fishmongers' Hall discharged the children, took in John, Peter, Annie Towse and Tom Wrench, who

had come up from Stouting this morning. Then to College; found myself in good spirits and pluck; went in. Theatre brimming, but plaguey hot before I got to the end. Time would not let me go further than Ranby, where I stopped, and finished with speaking of poor Tyrrell. Green congratulated me after. God knows that I am indeed deeply thankful for having acquitted myself, I hope, not discreditably. The number in theatre three hundred and fifty." From the *Pictorial Times* I find that "He commenced by giving an account of the early 'Maisters in Chirurgery,' exemplifying the priority of surgery over all the other branches of the healing art, and going on to speak of the incorporation of the Company of Barber Surgeons and of their ultimate disunion at the foundation of Surgeons' Hall, since which period the orator gradually traced the rapid upward progress of surgery to its present exalted station, and concluded with a brief memoir of his late colleague at the hospital, Frederick Tyrrell."

The exhaustive and learned articles on zoology, anatomy (bones and muscles), and the various invertebrals throughout the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' came from his pen about the year 1845,

and were, I am told, estimated very highly. For the next three years he was hard at work on the second and most important of his attempts at placing the researches of foreign surgeons at the disposal of his fellow-countrymen. No doubt his early travels on the Continent, where he never forgot to use his eyes, and the intimacy that had sprung up between him and such men as Dr. Quincke of Berlin, and Professor Retzius of Christiana, had shown him how essential this was if this country was to keep abreast with the rest of the Continent. The work he now chose to translate was J. M. Chelius' 'System of Surgery,' for which he easily obtained the author's sanction. To say that this edition gives abundant evidence of immense labour and minute accuracy is to say that it was by Mr. South; it was not his nature to scamp any task he set himself. In fact it is very possible that his works would have had a wider circulation if they had been a little less laboured in detail, as is evidenced by the extraordinary popularity of his least scientific work, 'The Household Surgery,' about which more hereafter. The Chelius was finally ready for the press early in 1847, when it was published in

two octavo volumes, with a dedication to his great friend Joseph Henry Green, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy, &c.* It is throughout replete with copious notes and references drawn from the editor's own experience and knowledge. Before its publication however he advanced another step in his profession, being chosen Arris and Gale Professor of Human Anatomy and Surgery at the College in 1845, an appointment he held for the next few years. After this he passed through the regular grades till, on July 10, 1851, he reached the President's Chair for the first time. With regard to this post, which he probably considered the zenith of his career, we have the following entry in his diary: "My first thoughts when I awoke this morning were on the importance of the office I am likely to assume to-day, and I prayed earnestly for God's blessing and direction." That this was no mere form or affectation all will acknowledge who knew him even slightly; such entries

* This translation was printed in Philadelphia, U.S.A., by Lee and Blanchard, without Mr. South's sanction. It is an amusing characteristic of him that on hearing of this he bought a copy and had it bound, with "American Piracy" stamped conspicuously on the cover.

are common throughout his memoranda; and, as genuine marks of his simple faith and prayerful habit of mind, I cannot in this connection forbear from quoting two other instances of the way in which he carried his religion into his profession. Both of them refer to operations about which he was nervous beforehand, but felt strengthened after prayer. The first is dated January 12, 1852. "Found guard * had been for me to hospital for strangulated hernia, so went down directly; and, though I did not enjoy the job, prayed for help and had it, though the case was an awkward one. So he did not leave me open to my enemy (nervousness)." The second, under date June 21, 1856, is still more graphic and instructive: "At eight this morning went with Sutton Sams to *Dreadnought* to find Black and get body to take up aorta, which I did pretty well; back home. Up by 12·21 North Kent to hospital. Then met Green in consultation about aneurism case, and settled with him about tying aorta. Mr. Simon and Busk afterwards saw it. Waited for Luke, but he did not come. I was in a great state of anxiety during

* Mr. South was for many years surgeon to the South Eastern Railway Company.

the hour, but I had prayed earnestly for help last night and constantly during the morning, and was most graciously heard. We went into the theatre a little after two, and, though it took long to get patient under chloroform, directly I sat down I was perfectly calm, went through the operation with great quiet and self-possession, and not to the disadvantage of the patient. Green, Solly, and Clark, and also Croft, who had come up from the *Dreadnought*, were very able assistants, and really part of myself. I never operated with more self-command and steadiness. And He knows, in Whose help alone I relied, how thankful I am for His answer to my prayers." *

Late in the summer of 1852 he made a long tour through Germany, paying visits to his friends and professional brethren; for instance Dr. Quincke at Berlin. At the house of this latter he says he "was very kindly received, and very speedily acquainted with his little wife, to whom I talked bad French." At the conclusion of his trip he speaks of "the many mercies and much enjoyment"

* This operation is still preserved in pickle in the museum at St. Thomas's Hospital; it was, I am told, more successful than such an operation usually is.

granted him in his travels, and of his "increased thankfulness that he is an Englishman." It was apparently earlier in this same year, on March 31, that the Swedish Horticultural Society awarded him a silver medal for introducing the vegetable marrow into Sweden, through his great friend Dr. A. Retzius. This philanthropic action will not surprise those who knew Mr. South, and who remember the keen interest he took in all that was useful and beneficial to mankind; and of horticulture he was especially fond. How often does the writer recollect coming upon him in his later years, in his large and well-kept garden in Blackheath Park, sitting out by the green-houses, absorbed in the potting of cactus-plants, or busily designing and himself helping in the erection of a new summer-house; all the time his tongue would wag in telling the most amusing anecdotes or on more serious topics! Certainly he was the most patiently restless man it is possible to conceive—never idle, yet always self-possessed.

The next opportunity for his exhaustless energy was three years later, 1855. In this year he was appointed, with Messrs. Phelan and Stephenson and the late Lord Talbot de Malahide, who acted as

chairman, on a Royal Commission to inquire into the state and working of the Dublin hospitals. Mr. South seems to have been the life and soul of the Commission, entering into the details with zeal, taking photographs of the various places officially visited, and commending himself much to Lord Talbot's favour. It was he who was mainly concerned in the drawing up of the report, which was apparently ready by the end of the year. The nature of its discoveries and its practical results I have not been able to find out.

Let me now take my readers a stride of three years onward to the opening of 1859. In the month of January the distinguished naturalist Frank Buckland * was led by a chance notice in the *Times* to undertake the identification of John Hunter's bones, which had been privately buried in October 1793 at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. After a most laborious and sickening search in the vaults for eight days, which only resulted in a month's illness, he set to work again undaunted, and, after toiling for another week, in the course of which he removed and examined 2260 coffins, he was at last

* Mr. Buckland gives the account in full in his 'Curiosities of Natural History,' series iv. pp. 215–237.

rewarded by coming on one whose inscription placed the identification beyond a doubt. He immediately communicated his success to the College of Surgeons. Here was a grand opportunity for Mr. South's zeal and energy: that year he was again Vice-president of the College, and he took the matter up so warmly and exerted his influence so strenuously that permission was obtained solemnly to remove the remains and re-inter them at Westminster Abbey. The ceremony took place on March 28, in the presence of a large crowd of medical men; to the deep pealing of the organ, the great surgeon was laid to rest by the side of the painter Wilkie and close to Ben Jonson the dramatist.

But Mr. South's exertions did not end there. Mainly through him a fund was started for erecting a statue of Hunter in the College to commemorate the event. Mr. South was appointed honorary secretary to the committee. The sum of £1172 17s. 1d was eventually collected, and Mr. Weekes was commissioned to do the work; the result of this was one of that sculptor's finest marble figures which—faithfully reproducing the famous picture by Reynolds—still adorns the College council-room Mr. Buckland's services were acknowledged by a

medal from the Leeds School of Medicine and a handsome present of books from the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr. South, on the other hand, was again elected to serve his profession as President of the College in the following year, 1860.

During his year of office nothing of much importance seems to have taken place. For some eight or ten years longer he still kept up a constant and active connection with the College and the hospital and occupied himself with private practice; the friend to whom several of his letters in Part III. are addressed is one of the many patients who owe much to his professional attendance. It was his habit to set apart an hour daily before breakfast to giving gratuitous advice to the poor, and not a few are still living who speak with gratitude of "Dr. South's" skill and kindness. In the autumn of 1865 he married the niece of his staunch friend and colleague, Professor J. H. Green, and gradually withdrew from his professional work into the quiet pleasures of life at home, which he had earned so well. Previously to this however he was engaged in what was apparently his last act of public service at the Exhibition of 1862, where he was adjudicator of the surgical instruments exhibited, receiving a

bronze medal in reward. In April of the next year he retired from his post at St. Thomas's, and was soon after made a Governor.

Here then, at the close of his professional career, and in the happy enjoyment for another seventeen years of the greatest domestic blessings, we must be content to end our sketch. But before doing so I may be allowed to speak of that one of his books whose fame and usefulness extends up till the present day. Mention has already been made of a little book that Mr. South brought out in 1847, entitled 'Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies.' This, the least scientific of his publications, gained an immense popularity, and passed though four editions, the last being as late as 1880. He was much censured by the narrow-minded of his profession at the time for trying to supersede the doctor's art; but surely the course of events since its first appearance, and especially the rise of such societies as St. John's Ambulance Association and the Royal recognition of the benefit of such humane works by the recently founded Order of the Red Cross, will lead men of this generation to a fairer estimate, and show them that the author of 'Household Surgery' was in reality in advance of

his time and foresaw what was so much needed. The object of the book is as sound as possible; in it the all-important question, *what to do till the doctor comes*, is satisfactorily answered in simple language and for all kinds of mishaps or troubles. Obviously in such cases as a broken bone, bleeding or poisoning, the few minutes that can be saved by a simple temporary makeshift are often of priceless importance; and in the many cases of trifling disorders which occur in the best regulated families—for instance, a stye in the eye, a scald on the hand, a chilblain on the foot—even the most jealous could hardly object to their being cured without the doctor's aid if possible. It was in deference to a strongly expressed wish that Mr. South in 1880 consented to a fourth edition being published, believing that it would prove useful to the students in that movement of which it had been the forerunner.

This of itself is a good proof how well Mr. South retained his extraordinary mental vigour and vitality up to the last. It is not easy to forget that cosy drawing-room at Blackheath Park, with its pretty garden view, where much of Mr. South's last days were spent; the spare figure, the handsome face,

which age seemed only to render the handsomer, with its clean-cut profile, the bright eyes and smile of unabated intellect; the busy hands, the animated and vigorous conversation, the air of unaffected homely piety and faith in God—these and many other well-loved characteristics linger in the memories of very many. The very morning of his death (January 8, 1882) he woke early from quiet sleep; and, rousing Mrs. South with the words: "It is Sunday; let us say the prayers," he repeated nearly all the morning service, in his usual hearty way, without faltering. Almost with the words of prayer upon his lips he entered into rest, having attained the eighty-fifth year of his age. In summing up his life and death, may we not say of him, as the Bible says of Enoch?

"He walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."

PART III.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, ETC.

To his Father, from Doncaster, August 8, 1817.

I WENT with the Simpsons to Studley, to see Fountains Abbey, which is the most magnificent ruin I ever saw. Its roof has fallen, but it is kept in very good repair by Miss Lawrence, to whom it belongs. Whilst I walked over the sacred ground, I could not help feeling much emotion. Here some two hundred years ago the pealing organ "swelled the note of praise" to the Almighty Governor of the universe, or performed the famous anthem, "*Dies iræ, dies illa, solvet sæcla in favilla*," over the last reliques of some pious priest. But 'tis now the raven's bleak abode, and its walls only remain to show the beauty of its structure and the magnificence which once adorned it. The situation is very delightful, by the side of Skell, in a beautiful valley far from the noise and clamour of the world, and where "the

cherub, Contemplation," might listen to "the sweet bird which shuns the noise of folly," and, rapt in thought, raise its soul from nature up to nature's God. I have indeed only one fault to find with it, which is that the pleasure grounds are laid out rather too artificially.

To his Mother, from Blackman Street, July 14, 1818.

In going to Mr. George's yesterday I plumped into the midst of F. Burdett's* procession, which I had almost forgotten. Luckily for me I had had to leave my watch with him to be doctored, for I got into one of the thickest and vilest crowds which I ever was in, and should probably have had my pockets picked, if they had contained anything worth the picking. Sir Francis was mounted on a curule chair, raised on a platform on springs to the first pair of stairs, so that he sat in "godlike state,"

* *Sir Francis Burdett:* The revolutionary Member for Westminster (1806–1837), and the prime mover of what was afterwards called Chartism. Parliament had been abruptly dissolved by the king a day or two before (July 10) and in the general election that followed Sir Francis, through his immense popularity with the lower orders, managed to retain the second seat for Westminster. See Walpole's 'History of England,' vol i. p. 476.

but his "valiant peers," instead of being "beside," were down below, as I suppose his committee thought it would have been horrible to elevate any one else to the height at which he was placed. Sir Francis looked well, but seemed very tired, it being then half-past five, and the procession having begun at one. The concourse of people was immense, and, though very motley, extremely quiet and orderly, so that there was no need of soldiers. The procession was immensely long, but very similar to those in the Borough. I could not help smiling to see a flag on which "Magna Charta" was inscribed, torn to pieces almost by the wind.

To his Father, from Shaldon, near Dawlish, August 18, 1821.

I have made a point of visiting all the hospitals I could get at, and derived some useful information as to their nature and economy. Those of Bath, I regret to write, are filthy in the extreme, and look worse because their neighbour of Bristol is in such admirable order and beauty, at least as far as a lazar-house can be. Indeed, I am rather divided in opinion as to which is best, Bristol or Leeds;

the only objection to the former is that it is too much in the town, though I doubt not when it was first built it was far away; it must be regretted, however, that the governors did not care to keep possession of the neighbouring land, and prevent building upon it. . . .

It is pleasurable to hear the report of Dr. Carey's (of Exeter) conduct as opposed to that of the last bishop, "whose praise is" not "in all the churches." And I think you will allow he cannot be good for much when I inform you that he has held no confirmation in his diocese *for five years.* If "to whom much is given, much be required," Dr. Pelham,* notwithstanding he basks in kingly favour now, will have a heavy account to answer for, as the consequence has been (and that necessarily from his example) great laxity in the clergy of his diocese, which the present bishop intends to correct, and I trust he will succeed in the attempt.

* *Dr. Pelham:* A member of the Chichester family, and graduate of Clare Hall, Cambridge. He had just been translated to the see of Lincoln. The contemporary estimate of his character is thus given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the time of his death (1827): "In his episcopal duties he could not be surpassed in urbanity of manners, punctuality of business, and impartial distribution of patronage."

To his Mother, from Salehurst, November 13, 1831.

To-day I have been at church both times, and heard two very good sermons, and seen two very good congregations, and, what I always rejoice over, a very large parish school. I long to get into my own again, which has this summer, from one cause or another, had but little of my company . . . . I met at Savery's on Friday Mr. Greenlaw, the clergyman whom you may recollect I was so pleased with at St. Mary's last Sunday week. He is a very sensible and cheerful man, and we had plenty of amicable disputation, as, though we were of much the same opinion, we agree to differ for the sake of an argument.

To Mr. William Rendle, from Blackheath Park, May 29, 1863.

I have to thank you for the information you have sent me of the public meeting to be held next Monday, in reference to the removal of St. Thomas's Hospital, and also for the invitation to assist at it. I think, however, I had better decline, as I am not accustomed now to attend such meetings. At the same time I must express my sincere

desire that the wishes of the Borough parishes should prevail in replacing the hospital as near as possible within half a mile of its old and time-honoured locality. Besides being Borough-born, and half my life resident there (which alone should induce me to afford my best assistance to prevent its being deprived of one of its noblest and most useful charitable institutions), my affectionate regard for the old house of the poor in which I have spent nearly fifty years of my profession with much happiness, and not, I hope, without benefit to those intrusted to my care, will urge me most warmly, now that I have been elected a Governor, to strive to set up the House as near as possible to the old foundations, and to restore to the Borough poor the comfort and assistance during sickness of which they are at present deprived.

To * * * , *from Windermere, August* 1864.

As I am very desirous to contribute to your amusement by keeping you *au courant* with our movements, and so make up for my absence in the body, though not in the spirit, I shall make the most of my first opportunity.

To begin at the beginning, which is scientific; I was sorely disappointed not to see you again before leaving; but, though I had not gone to bed till 1·30, and had got up again at 5·45, I found I had so much to do that we only just caught the 8·40 to town. However, that accomplished, we got to Euston in excellent time for the 10·0 train, and set off very comfortably in the middle of the train, having as fellow-traveller only a very good-looking *not old* man, who in course of our travel I found to be land surveyer to the Mercers' Company, going on a business trip to Scotland. Along the line, which is uninteresting as far as Crewe, the harvest was almost all in—the turnips very scanty, and the land generally dried up. But when we got into Cheshire all was changed; the grass was beautifully green, turnips plentiful, and everything lovely . . . We reached Windermere at half-past five, and, though I had telegraphed for rooms, the hotel was so full that we were obliged to content ourselves with the coffee-room, and bedrooms at the top of the house. Next morning I was out before seven, enjoying the fresh air of a most brilliant and delightful morning, so that when I came in at eight I could not wait Dollie's arrival, but forthwith attacked my break-

fast with a wonderful enjoyment . . . We were not long in finding lodgings, and, having taken possession, we walked down to Bowness and took the boat up the lake to Waterhead, and walked by Clappergate in to Ambleside; when, having refreshed ourselves with ale and cakes, we set off to see Stock Ghyll Force, with which we were of necessity much delighted, although of water there was scarcely any. However this gave the girls the opportunity of scrambling lower down among the rocks in search of ferns; up and down the ravine side they skipped like wild cats, and I was obliged to keep a sharp look out lest one of them should make a *bouleversement*, and on reaching the bottom of the watercourse provide me with a little home surgery, which would have been *de trop*. The day was delicious, the air fresh and sunshiny, but not too warm; and the glorious mountains sharp and clear, with cloud shadows continually passing across and rendering them still more beautiful. The marvellous beauty and quiet of the scenery composes the mind wonderfully, and fills one with thankfulness for God's exceeding goodness in having made such an earthly paradise as this Lake district is, to my feeling. I am really as delighted as a child. You see I am

an out-and-out English-laker, and I have not the slightest notion that when I shall see the Scotch lakes my opinion will be in the least changed; you know I am a very obstinate chap, and will therefore believe I am not likely to change my opinion . . .

Saturday. This morning broke very threateningly; the lake and mountains were covered with mist, but it cleared off; we went by rail to Kendal, a very good day for the purpose, as the market filled the town, and made its usually quiet street very cheerful with pigs, potatoes and farmer-folk. After refreshment (always a necessity for enjoyment) we went to see the fine church. It is remarkable for its five aisles, with no chancel, and holds 1900 people, all of whom, I should think, could hear well, if the parson opened his mouth, though it is literally a grove of pillars. It reminded me much of Manchester cathedral, though less lofty, and having a poor instead of a handsome tower. We afterwards went up the Castle Hill to see its ruins, but they are not worth the trouble. As we got back the rain began, and there is every prospect of a wet night.

Here endeth this epistle.

*To * * *, from Windermere, Sept.* 7, 1864.

Seven o' clock, and dinner just done. We have been for a fine ramble—up the lake to Ambleside, Ned rowing. He was one of the idlest rowers I have seen, but blistered his hands notwithstanding. After landing at Waterhead we walked through Ambleside and along Stock Ghyll to the Force, and, as I expected, we found it full, and much finer than at our last visit. After reaching the topmost fall, we rambled onwards and upwards, and after consultation determined on going up and over Wansfell, on the side of which we were; and away we went. Like the beginners of all arduous under- and upper-takings, we set off at a round pace, and got on swimmingly, or rather climbingly. But as we got higher we were a little *stumped*, as the boys say, and we crept more and more slowly up to the ridge, but not to the top of the Pike, for we were glad to stop short of it. We were very well pleased with our ascent, though we got wet-footed and rather damp beside. Had the weather been clearer we should have had a very extensive view; as it was we saw Windermere, Coniston, Rydal, and no end of peaks whose names I cannot tell you. We then climbed over several stone walls, in some of

which tourists had made gaps, and the farmers had revenged themselves by sticking up sturdy sticks and boughs. In one of these my macintosh caught and came to grief, having inflicted on it an angular rent, which I am fearful will produce a horrible and ineffaceable scar, even after it has undergone the treatment of a macintosh-doctor. Such a wise man is not to be found here; so I do not know what I shall do, as, if I use it, the said angular hole will be sure to be enlarged, and maybe become quite irreparable. Well, we got on to the top of the ridge, as I told you, and were delighted to find ourselves going down instead of up, for the fog and damp was not diminishing; but we made a terribly perverse descent, taking the whole length of the mountain instead of going right over it, squashing and slushing through the bog, till at last we dropped into a wood, and by sheer good-luck into a road which traversed it and brought us out on the high-way just above Lowood, by which time our troubles were at an end.

*To * * * , from Strands (Drigg), Sept.* 16, 1864.

Yesterday morning before breakfast it poured, but about ten there was a little brightening and some sunshine, so we determined to run the risk of a ducking, and set off in a two-wheeled car for Eskdale and Stanley Ghyll. Away we went, up hill and down hill, and usually by the side of a noisy blustering brook. About three miles out we entered a very pretty village, Santon Bridge, through which the stream which empties Wast-water rushes with great impetuosity and riot, a favourite resort of salmon and their lovers. We then wound up a stiffish hill, crossed Miterdale, and faced the Ulpha mountains, which are very fine; and, turning to the left, Eskdale soon began to open upon us, and at last we got fairly into it, and drove on to the Ghyll. Such a lovely ride I think I have scarcely ever had. The Esk runs through the whole valley as far as the eye can see, twisting and twirling about in every direction; and, when the sun shone out for our special enjoyment, it looked like a big silver snake figured with the foliage of the trees which fringed its banks profusely, and spotted with the white foam of the

stones and rocks over which it dashed very briskly. On either side the mountains rose up, about a couple of miles apart. Large patches of dark woods varied their sides, principally to the east. But the head of the valley was completely shut up by mountains rising tier after tier beyond each other—Great Gable, Lingmell, Scawfell, and Hard Knott formed this barrier, and lots of others besides. A notch in Hard Knott showed the road over into Langdale, as it rose almost perpendicularly from the little hamlet of Boot, with its tiny church at the foot. About half a mile before this we turned to the right, and crossed over Dalegarth Bridge, and up through a wood to the cottage where the key was kept. Here we got out and made our acquaintance with the guide, a good-tempered old woman, one year younger than myself, thrice as wide, and with a pair of such prodigious calves that I thought she could do no walking at all. However, we soon found the contrary; for she trotted very steadily up a rather sharply ascending walk shaded by lovely woods by the side of the brook, which gushed down the ravine, leaping and tumbling and brawling loudly over the obstructive rocks, which were of all shapes and sizes. We crossed one

bridge, a piece of timber thrown across with side rails, and then continued ascending on the opposite side till we reached a second bridge, when the rocks rose up almost perpendicularly, very grand and wild. Here the old woman surrendered us to the carman's guidance (I do not think she could have got between the bridge rails!). Having crossed the bridge, we still continued going up till we came to a third bridge, at the end of which we caught the first sight of the top of the fall, partially hidden by the overhanging trees. We then crossed the bridge and saw more of the fall; and, going up a little higher still, stood very near its foot. It is not so high as many, nor was it very full; but the approach and the situation renders it very lovely. Recrossing, we took a steep winding path to an outlook called the Mosshouse, which, being perched upon a jutting rock, gave us a most glorious view all down the dale. We then retraced our steps to the cottage, where we refreshed ourselves with what we had brought, supplemented by the milk and honey of our fat female guide. The honey was pronounced beautiful, as was likely, seeing that the bees have plenty of heather to make it with. As we were

getting into the car, a spare, wizened, grey-headed old fellow, with a voice which "piped and whistled in the sound" made his appearance at the door and spoke to us. I calkillated that this was our fat friend's husband, which she verified; and on my saying to her I hoped she would take care of him, she said: "Oh yes, she would take care and see the end of him!" The old sinner—she is his *third* wife, according to the carman. The drive home was not so agreeable, as the clouds were gathering for rain. I would not have missed this trip for anything, and being our final visit, it will leave a most delightful remembrance of the Lake country in our minds.

To * * *, from Blackheath, Feb.* 14, 1865.

I can quite understand, madam, that you think Dresser B—— more efficient than Dresser Mamma. You are not singular, for it is a common notion of your sex to prefer the assistance of ours, just as we he-folk feel ourselves more happy and patient under the tender care and gentle soothing of you woman-kind, even although in shape of a kind, ugly old nurse; whilst we find it actually delightful to be

tended by the many delicate, amiable women, whose lot in this life seems specially designed to prove the poet's assertion of their mission :—

> "When pain and sickness rack the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

I do not know that anything has been written of the same sort in praise of men, but I have a small idea that most women apply the verses conversely.

Thank you for your and your mother's congratulations on my grandpapa honours. My mongrel Scotch blood is delighted at having another generation in my *own* line, and I earnestly pray the young varlet may in due time, when I am dead and gone, continue it. I have always thought it one of the greatest privations to be childless, and am therefore very grateful that I have a prospect of seeing my child's child. I have not yet had an opportunity of getting to Peckham* to a survey of little master. Dick writes that he is like nobody he can think of except S—— B—— the doctor of L——; if so, he must be a rather fat-headed duodecimo. . . .

I cannot promise to aid and abet any Yankee land expedition—utterly abhorring as I do the

* East Peckham in Kent.

"whole biling" of them and not at all agreeing with a very pretty and intelligent cousin of the Lemmé's that we in England do not give our women sufficient political education and fit them to talk on all sorts of subjects and dispute and argify as American women do—quite a mistake in womanly tuition, as I hold it. What on earth should women have to do with politics? Their greatest charm with us Britishers is that their thoughts and their talk are or ought to be of house and children, thinking and caring for nought but their husbands, and how they can best coax and coddle them. That is my notion of woman's mission, and I do not think it can be improved upon, and I trust you are fully indoctrinated *with the same notions.*

To * * *, from Blackheath Park, Dec.* 5, 1867.

When one has a blister on, it is best to have it rise quick, dressed well, and settled as soon as possible. Into this identical position you have put me; I must either write you at once, or be kept in a perpetual grill till I have, lest I should be convicted of keeping you in a state of excitability which does not well suit young ladies. There is

scarcely any one I *would* have written to just now, for I am bothered to death with my own and other peoples' business. I am in daily intercourse with those ugly, matter-of-fact people, lawyers, who have no imaginative ideas beyond keeping you in a constant contemplation of possibilities, capabilities, or any other -ilities which can be compounded. Of course it is all for your own special benefit, and to show how you must circumvent or upset all the dodges which your opponents do, or are presumed likely to do. On such a voyage I have now entered, and the looking over letters and journals, making extracts, comparing, analysing and explaining ditto, is a very unpleasant and tiresome job, though done it must be, if one is to hold one's own and stick up for our rights, and obtain even-handed Justice, who after all is a very coy maiden, but, like such young damsels, is often carried off triumphantly by some impudent Irishman. There you have the prologue, but what's the play? Ay, there's the rub. Well, I presume C—— is most interesting, so begin with him. He will not have much dancing this Christmas, except he comes out with a Highland fling, when one leg may do service for both. You

will all have to coddle him very carefully for some time, and be his fetchers and carriers for a while, during which he will have plenty of leisure to study Ceylonese ethics and history, and all that sort of thing, preparing himself for cinnamon growing and elephant hunting, if he ever get up into Kandy. I do not mean sugar candy, as he can have plenty of that sort of sweet at home, and very thankful he should be. You can all help him to find amusement in practising French and German, though I doubt your ability to undertake Cingalese, which would stand him in better service. . . .

Friday.—I had intended to finish this morning, but the womankind were going up to London, so I thought it better to go with them than take the rail by myself. So off we went, and I got home late, but before them; as usual they went a-shopping and I did not, having had within the last fortnight an experience at Tarn's of which I have made a note—"not to be so deluded a second time." I must not forget the baby, about whom you seem very inquisitive and I am very proud. She certainly is a very pretty little thing, though she has a cock-up nose; very good tempered, an excellent sleeper, that does very little crying; she

begins to notice, and smiles very prettily; in short she is a "'varsal fav'rite." All the bairns are to be with us at Christmas; so we shall have a fine baby-show, and I think ours will not show off badly. However you shall see and judge for yourself. I am well aware that all well-conditioned pa's and ma's of course think their chick superior to all other."

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*To * * *, from Blackheath Park, Sept.* 11, 1868.

I acknowledge my fault in so long leaving you unanswered, but the fact is that I have been daily doing so much writing, and have got home so late and tired, that there has been little disposition to write even to you. And truly withal, what is there to write about except the minutes of the Corporation of Surgeons, which I have been copying most assiduously, as material for inditing a History of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, which I have set before myself, and from which I hope to derive no little pleasure and amusement? It is a very long story, and, if well told, may afford some amusement even to non-professional readers.

I cannot tell who were the first surgeons, but I know this, that the best Book says, not of surgeons,

as it does of physicians, that "she spent all she had on physicians, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." *

Old Homer's Machaon † must have been a surgeon; he had to do with wounds, and the physicians had always a horror of such things; his operations were beneficial, not damnatory. Indeed we have the advantage in some respects of the doctors. It is true that if the people die under

* St. Mark v. 26. It is hardly necessary to remark that this is not meant seriously, the *ἰατροί* of the original including *all kinds of doctors.*

† Pope's 'Homer's Iliad,' iv. 234–251:—

"With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands,
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: 'Machaon, to the King repair;
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.'
The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man,
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran.
The dauntless King yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the steely point the reed was joined,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infus'd
Which Chiron gave and Aesculapius us'd."

our treatment, it is not quite evident to the by-standers why they do ; and if they get well of course even simple persons can see how much they owe to us ; but the doctor's work is secret, and the people may die of disease or doctor without the lookers-on being able to satisfy themselves whether they ought to have become defunct or not. So that, on taking a fair view of the whole matter, we surgeons have, I hold, the best of it ; for, although our failings neither can nor ought to be hid, we have not opportunity of hiding our ignorance, and are therefore entitled to more credit for our well-doing.

There is an account of one Morstede, who accompanied Henry V. as his army surgeon at Agincourt. I am endeavouring to look up something more about him than at present mentioned : and so pay visits daily to the Record Office, and read no end of useless things in hope of finding something to my purpose.

What everybody believes is that the Barbers and Surgeons were tied together in Henry VIII.'s time and that the union so resulting very improperly was called the Company of Barber-Surgeons. Now this was quite a mistake : it was the Company of Barbers and Surgeons, and in their common hall

they never sat together higgledy-piggledy, but the surgeons sat on one side and the barbers the other. They were however a very queer lot, I suspect, and it will be part of my business to find out *who* they were, as many as I can of them. I imagine it was not a very happy matrimonial union; the Surgeons went indeed to Barbers' Hall, but apparently gave themselves airs, and at last broke their connection with the others; and in 1745,* that glorious year to all Scotch folk, shook them off altogether and set up by Act of Parliament a shop of their own, under the title of the Company of the Art and Science of Surgeons of London; but this was a City corporation and acted very City-like. At last it lost its charter† by awkwardness, and then we got another and became a Royal College. How all this happened has to be narrated, and who were the workers in the business; so doubtless there will be a little amusing biography, if I am spared to carry it out.‡

* The year of the battle of Prestonpans.

† In 1796. A short account is given in the notice of Mr. Cline, p. 201.

‡ It never was completed; but the vast quantity of MSS. are at present in the hands of the College of Surgeons, and will, I hope, one day be edited and published.

*To * * * , from Blackheath, Gooseday,* 1871.

No offence, madam, though I have chanced to associate you with the feathered beings who this day delight the lips of those many mortals who find pleasure in feeding on their brethren, whether winged or wingless! As to myself, I am one of the sad number who may only look and long, and cannot taste thereof—goose having for me a mortal antipathy, though I have great but unrealised longings for her delicacies.

Thank you for your graphic description of your aquatic *divertissement*, but to sit two or three hours in the rain and get draggle-tailed, in the slender hope of catching a few small whiting, not worth the eating, is rather a symptom of the goosicality of the season. Moreover you seem to have turned into a mermaid in your propensities; for how in this weather any one can find fun in dabbling about in cold water, though it be salt, and the old women say never gives one cold, I cannot comprehend. However they do say different men have different opinions, and so, as men include women, the greater including the less, I suppose that is a reason why you like sea-bathing at this present and I do not.

To Mr. Stone, from Blackheath Park, Feb.* 10, 1879.

"I am as happy as a prince, probably happier than one who has to rule the rascal Irish or to endure Mr. Gladstone, and that notwithstanding I am, like the cow's tail, growing downwards. I have lost twenty inches of my height, which in my prime was five feet ten inches without my shoes. So a physiologist may make a note of this as part of the *differentia* between thirty and eighty-one years of age; he will not meet with many other cases so well authenticated. I cannot walk or stand much, and hate riding in a carriage; so that I go out but a little distance, and am quite content to be drawn about the garden, or visit my neighbours in a chair pushed by a human servant. Even when I am kept indoors I am very happy and contented with looking into my pretty garden from my sofa, and am thankful I do not know in the least what *ennui* is. The day is never too long for me, but rather too short, as you see from the little time spent in bed, which I am always ready to leave. I know little of what is going on in the professional world;

* For many years Clerk to the Royal College of Surgeons, and a great friend and ally of Mr. South's.

for of my ancient friends few come to see me now. Kind inquiries after me are very pleasant, but kind visits are still pleasanter. I have only been to town once in the last three years and a half; that was last October, when I went up especially to pay my respects to Cleopatra * and took the opportunity of seeing the new buildings which had grown up since my previous visit. I went first to see Allen and Hanbury's new shop, drove through the city to Whitehall, and then to Buckingham Palace, enjoying myself all the way as much as a small boy at a peep-show, without the least fatigue.

* I.e. her needle so-called, set up on the Embankment.

NOTICE OF MR. CLINE.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON JANUARY 22ND, 1851, BY JOHN F. SOUTH, IN THE HALL OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

HENRY CLINE was born in 1750, and on the 6th of August, 1767, when seventeen years of age, was apprenticed at Surgeons' Hall to Mr. Thomas Smith, one of the Surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital. On coming to the hospital he was ciceroned by one of his senior fellow-apprentices, I believe Mr. Birch, and shown all the wonders of the house. Among other places he was taken into the theatre, where Mr. Else happened to be lecturing, but so little to the young student's satisfaction that when he left the room he observed that "he thought he should soon be able to do better than that." And he soon did, for his diligence was so great that towards the latter end of his time, before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was able to supply Mr. Else's place, when his pleasure or his idleness induced him to shirk lecture. Whenever this happened,

which was common enough, I have often heard my father say that there was Mr. Cline always at the hospital, and always ready to stop the gap for his negligent teacher, and ever to the satisfaction of the students, who delighted in his perspicuous and methodical way of teaching.

On June 2, 1774, young Cline passed the ordeal of Surgeons' Hall, Warner of Guy's being then Master, Spray and Pyle Wardens, and Pott of St. Bartholomew's, Middleton, Grindell, and Young, being Examiners. Very shortly after passing he went to Paris, and on his return again assisted Else, without, however, any appointment by the hospital authorities.

When about the age of twenty-five, that is in the year 1775, he took a house in Devonshire Street, and soon after married Miss Webb. It is an interesting fact in reference to his steady industry and fixed determination to allow nothing to interfere with his professional occupations, that after the marriage ceremony had been performed he quietly came to the hospital, delivered his lecture as usual, and then returned to his own house to meet his bride and friends at dinner.

In 1781, on the death of Mr. Else, Mr. Cline was

appointed Probationary Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery for twelve months, and in the following year the minutes of the Annual General Court record, "We have ordered that Mr. Cline be continued in his appointment of Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery at this hospital during the pleasure of the Court." In December 1784 Mr. Cline was appointed Surgeon to the hospital on the decease of his master, Mr. Thomas Smith. Thus was he placed, at the age of thirty-six, in addition to his teachership, in the highly responsible and honourable position of a hospital surgeon, both which appointments he had obtained by persevering diligence, and by the impression which his talents had made upon the Governors of this house. His fitness for the work was more fully shown as year after year rolled on and added to his reputation as an anatomical and surgical teacher, as well in the wards of the hospital as in the theatre and dissecting-room.

Whilst living in Devonshire Street Mr. Cline received pupils into his own house, and three of his children were born there; after which he removed to St. Mary Axe. It does not appear that his practice rapidly increased, and at the age of

forty his circumstances were not flourishing. Perhaps it can scarcely be said that his success was fully established till he had arrived at the age of forty-five; but about that time, or somewhat later, in consequence of the increase of his practice westward, he removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he resided till his death.

On July 7, 1796, Mr. Cline was elected a member of the Court of Assistants of the Surgeons' Company, in place of William Walker, who had died whilst one of the two Governors or Wardens of the Corporation. This election was a very remarkable one, as the meeting of the Court at which it was made put at end to the legal existence of the Corporation of Surgeons. This originated from the following circumstances.

By the Act of Incorporation, 18th of George II., the Court of Assistants of the Company was to consist of a Master or Chief Governor, and two Governors or Wardens, with other members, of whom it was enacted that the Master and one Governor, together with one or two ordinary members, should form a Court for the dispatch of business. It happened that William Walker, one of the Governors, died in May of this year (1796),

the other Governor, John Wyatt, was lying blind and paralytic in Warwickshire ; and, though his son was sent down at great expense to bring him up to town, he was so ill that it was impossible to move him. Therefore when the Court met there was only the Master, William Cooper, and some of the members of the assistancy present, but not *one* of the Governors or Wardens, as ordained by the Act, consequently the meeting was not a Court legally. The persons present, however, determined on proceeding to business, and, as just mentioned, they elected Mr. Cline into the Court. They very soon found however that they had got into a very serious scrape, and on laying the case before counsel there was no doubt that their corporation was destroyed by the illegal construction of the last Court.

A Bill was therefore brought into Parliament to legalise those acts of the Corporation which, though not morally were legally wrong, and to give to the Corporation greater power over the profession. This latter attempt excited greater wrath in those who practised without the diploma of the Corporation, and a violent opposition to it was set up. It is probable however that the opposition would have been overcome, for the Bill had passed

through the Commons and got into Committee in the Lords, where it was lost by the influence of Lord Thurlow, owing, it is believed, to the hatred he bore the Surgeon-General, Gunning, who, in reply to that noble's observation, "There's no more science in surgery than in butchery," had promptly and spiritedly answered, "Then, my lord, I heartily pray that your lordship may break your leg and have only a butcher to set it, and then you'll find the difference between butchery and surgery." Well, the Bill went into Committee; the Bishop of Bangor* was in the chair, and Thurlow, soon finding that he was not strong enough at that time to oppose, urged on the honest churchman the propriety of further consideration of the Bill at a future day, hoping then to carry his point. The College Secretary (Henry Balfour) being present, to watch the Bill, and guessing the object of Thurlow, urged the bishop at once to bring the matter to decision, especially as he had the Book of Numbers in his favour. "Why," said the Bishop, "you do not suppose my Lord Thurlow will play me a trick, do you?" "Tricks have been played

* Dr. John Warren was Bishop of Bangor, 1783–1800.

in this House, my lord," was the secretary's quick reply. The bishop, however, yielded to Lord Thurlow's suggestion, the consideration of the Bill was deferred, and when next taken up in Committee Thurlow had taken care to be better supported, and threw it out.

Failing to obtain their proposed Bill, the members of the Court of the defunct Corporation had better success in their application to the Crown for a new charter by which things were put straight; and, the municipal privileges of the members having been given up, the Royal College of Surgeons in London was established in 1800 by George the Third, and commenced its career in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the site where it at present stands. The sale of the old hall in the Old Bailey, and the removal of the Corporation to Lincoln's Inn Field's, had been arranged and partly carried into effect by the Court of Assistants of the Company.

Mr. Cline had early acquired a taste for agriculture, and himself attributed it to his passing his holidays at a farm-house in Bedfordshire. In and about the year 1808 he purchased some land, the farm at Bound's Green, and became an experimental farmer, as far perhaps as a weekly visit or the like

permitted this relaxation. But his practice had at this time become extensive. He was now about sixty, and the maximum of his receipts averaged not less than £10,000 annually.

On February 7, 1810, Mr. Cline was elected a member of the Court of Examiners, following his senior Sir William Blizard, who was placed in the same honourable position on the same day. In the year following he resigned his appointment as Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital and Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery in that institution, the latter of which he had held for thirty years, and the former for twenty-seven years, with the highest honour and reputation to himself, and with the greatest benefit to thousands of pupils who had enjoyed the advantage of his teaching. Their estimation of their revered preceptor was shown by their subscription for the noble bust which, one of the greatest efforts of the illustrious Chantry, adorns the museum of this school.

In 1815 Mr. Cline became Master of the College, and in the year following delivered the Hunterian oration.

In 1821 a new Charter was obtained from George the Fourth, by which the designations of Master

and Governors were replaced by the more sounding titles of President and Vice-presidents. The first President was Sir Everard Home, who, to use the boys' apt though not very elegant expression, *did* his gracious sovereign out of the handsome mace which occupies the College table. Mr. Cline again reached the chair in 1823, was the third President, and delivered the Hunterian oration a second time in the following year.

Not long after this he began to decay, and at the age of seventy-six he died, full of years and honour.

In concluding this very brief and imperfect sketch of the career of Mr. Cline, I know not that I can do better than quote some of the observations on his character made on the announcement of his death to the Council of the College of Surgeons by the then President, Mr. Abernethy.

"Mr. Cline," said he, "was a most accurate observer of facts, habitually industrious, an ardent lover of knowledge, and he had amassed an ample store of information upon various subjects, but chiefly in those relating to his profession and to natural science. Yet his knowledge did not consist merely in a voluminous collection of facts; he had arranged them, he had drawn inferences from them,

so that his opinions on professional subjects were to us of peculiar value. The principal faculty and power of Mr. Cline's mind may be termed the analytical. Several of my auditors will attest that when a very complicated subject has been submitted to Mr. Cline's examination, he has said with surprising promptitude: 'there are two, three, or more points to be considered in this case;' and thus reducing it to its elements, disentangling all their combinations, every one was able to form his own judgment respecting it. The kindness of Mr. Cline's disposition induced him to put the most favourable construction on the actions of others, and rendered his manners peculiarly mild and conciliating."

No less truthful and pleasing were the closing paragraphs of the biographical notice of Mr. Cline in Johnson's *Medico-Chirurgical Review.* "We knew him well," says the writer, "yet twenty one years have elapsed since we witnessed his successful labour. As an operator he was neat, cool and determined; as a lecturer we never met with his equal or superior. He was always mild, grave, sensible and dignified; he seldom praised and never censured; he was never eccentric nor sarcastic; to him vanity, arrogance, or self-sufficiency

were strangers. His language was chastened and correct, his judgment sound, his caution proverbial, his manners and appearance gentlemanly. He was constitutionally reserved and solemn; every one felt that he could not presume to break in on the privacy of Mr. Cline, but, while he did so, he also felt that it was the privacy of an amiable, scientific, and honourable man, and as such entitled to his respect and esteem."

THE NEW ANATOMICAL BUILDINGS AT ST. THOMAS'S: 1814.

AMONG our recollections of past occurrences, those impress us most vividly which relate to matters of general public interest with which we ourselves have accidentally been mixed, and when such become the ground on which uprises our future position in life. Such was to me the building of the theatre, museum, and dissecting-room at St. Thomas's in the year 1814.

The inconvenience and insufficiency of the anatomical buildings,* which had been from year to year becoming more inadequate for the accommodation of the large and increasing anatomical class, at last came home to the Governors of St. Thomas's, being encouraged also by Astley Cooper and Henry Cline's proposal to give a thousand pounds each towards the new buildings; and Cooper promised to bring down his large and valuable collection of surgical preparations, mostly

* see p. 28.

made by his own hand, but still retaining his property in them. These and other inducements led the Governors to decide on erecting the needful buildings for the anatomical and surgical school.

I know not whether for this purpose they had bought it, but at any rate the Governors had at this time become possessed of an irregular triangular piece of ground, the south side of which extended from the back of the hospital chapel to the north end of George's Ward, whilst the north and longest side was bounded by a narrow lane extending from the bottom of the Ship Inn between it and a burial-ground of St. Olave's parish, known as the Flemish, and leading into a dirty lane called Carter Lane, of evil character, filled with the lowest Irish and filthy in the extreme. This lane to any of my Nonconformist friends still living will be well known as the locality of a very celebrated Baptist preacher and hymnologist, Dr. Rippon, who was very acrid touching the Establishment; and I have often heard the remark attributed to him that the Book of Common Prayer was only fit to be dragged through all the common sewers of London; he was also, like very many of his persuasion, a staunch supporter of what were held to be French Revolutionary

ideas—not French ideas of the time, for Napoleon Bonaparte had then made his opinions those of the French, and had wisely smothered the Revolution with a wet blanket. The eastern end or short base of the ground first mentioned was bounded by a pile of warehouses belonging to a hop merchant who had enjoyed the dignity of Lord Mayor of London, but, from some report of his having presented government with a sample of plugged hops* in a contract which he had undertaken, was known in the trade as "Count Plug." These hop warehouses also the Governors some years after bought, and enlarged their boundary to Joiner Street, connecting Tooley Street with St. Thomas's Street. Joiner Street still remains, and it alone, of all the localities hitherto mentioned, the school buildings I am now about to mention, and the entire hospital, being swept away "as clean as when a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down"—all for the good of the public of course, but really for the benefit of the South Eastern and Brighton Railway Companies. Poor Joiner Street indeed remains, but for

* What these are has not been elicited by inquiry among Kentish farmers of the present day. It is apparently an obsolete trick of the trade.

the greater part tunnellised, and enjoying gas instead of sunlight.

The anatomical buildings consisted of a handsome lofty oblong central hall, entered by a flight of steps, with lengthened west and east wings. The former was the museum, furnished with iron galleries, and lined to the roof with cases for the reception of the preparations. It was lighted by two large skylights. The dissecting-room occupied the other wing, and had the same height and width as the museum, but was about five or six feet shorter, to give room for a lobby which led to the necessary offices behind it, which consisted of a small room for the dissectors for lectures, a lavatory for the pupils, a washing and injecting room for the subjects; and at the east end of these the seats from the old theatre, excepting those of the gallery, were erected in a square room sufficient for them, and became the demonstrating theatre. All these were connected by two doors with the dissecting-room, and a third from it led into the hall, and was only used for carrying the lecture subjects from it into the theatre.

The lecture theatre was one of the most handsome and best-fitted rooms for seeing which I have

ever visited, but its hearing properties faulty, unless filled completely, which it was only on Astley Cooper's surgical lecture nights, when it was crammed.

The theatre was about thirty feet in diameter, and about fifty feet in height to the spring of the dome, which covered it, and was about ten feet higher to the base of the large circular skylight which gave light to the room. The teacher and his table occupied a central space on the floor about ten feet in diameter, and the seats, ranged concentrically along two-thirds of the whole circle in front and on either side of the teacher, rose in six tiers up to the wall in an ellipse, so as to bring those above as near the table as possible. The other third of the room was occupied by a wide passage along the floor to the teacher's table, and on each side of this passage flights of steps led up to the tiers of seats. About six feet above the highest row of seats an iron-floored and railed gallery surrounded the whole building, the entrance to which was by a little narrow iron staircase which opened in a corner of the hall, whilst the entrance to the building below was large and handsome, and served alike for the admission of teacher and pupil. The

number of seats in the bottom of the theatre would accommodate two hundred and those in the gallery ninety more; but on surgical lecture nights a large number of students converted the stairs into seats, either by necessity or choice; and in addition to these the floor passage was crowded with sitters on stools, and some even standing, who might be reckoned at least fifty or sixty more. All these seats I have seen times without number crammed; and it is no little pleasure for an old man to recall the time when, year after year, he there enjoyed the benefit of sitting under such an illustrious teacher as Astley Cooper, for instance, than whom no other man in England could with honest pride look back on larger crowds of pupils; there we sat, attentively listening to his silvery voice, uninterfered with except by the scratching of the earnest writer's pen, or when he himself excited a laugh by some droll story which illustrated the subject on which he was engaged.

In the museum it was that I made my place at the hospital, and, so soon as it was possible to transfer the preparations from the old dissecting-room which had contained them, with my kind master's wish and concurrence I removed them into the new

building, where they were soon followed by Astley Cooper's surgical and other preparations, which had been stowed away in the loft over his stable at Broad Street. Almost all the preparations which had been in the old dissecting-room I reslung and put up with my own hands, besides many others which were in store, Mr. Cline having kindly instructed me in this new occupation.

Both these preparations and Astley Cooper's, which after some perseverance I persuaded him to allow me to intermingle with the original collection, though he was very desirous they should be kept distinct, were at last arranged, as was then thought best, according to the course of the lectures. All these arrangements and the making a new catalogue of the whole was intrusted to me, and occupied me about two years. But I felt amply repaid in having the entire charge of the museum, which I did gratuitously till the time when, having also dissected for lecture and demonstration for several years, I was appointed assistant demonstrator and curator, which I retained till 1823.*

Excepting a severe illness, which took me away entirely from the hospital during the whole of one

* See pp. 146–47.

spring, and excepting the attendance on lectures in the earlier part of my apprenticeship and my after duty as a dresser in the hospital, it was very rarely I was out of the dissecting-room between ten and four o'clock, up to the time of my becoming lecturer on anatomy in 1825, and my hours were sometimes even longer. I do not speak of this sticking the whole day in the dissecting-room and in the hospital —the greater part of the time in the former—as a matter of boasting, for at that time all my contemporaries who were either demonstrators or aspired to become so did the same at St. Bartholomew's as well as St. Thomas's. With the other schools we had little intercourse, and of them therefore I cannot speak, but I know of my own personal knowledge that demonstrators in my time and for some years after gave much more time to the pupils in the dissecting-room than latterly has been thought necessary.

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